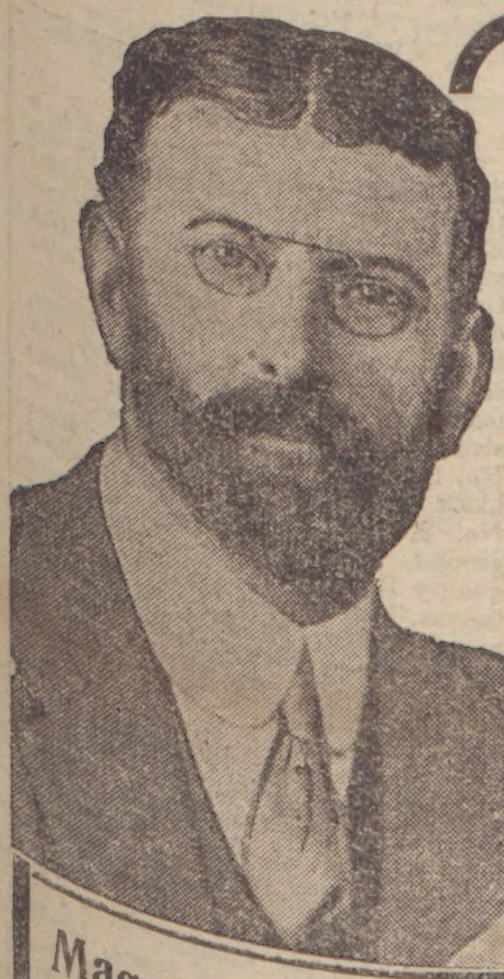
The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 184. WEEK ENDING MAY 11TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

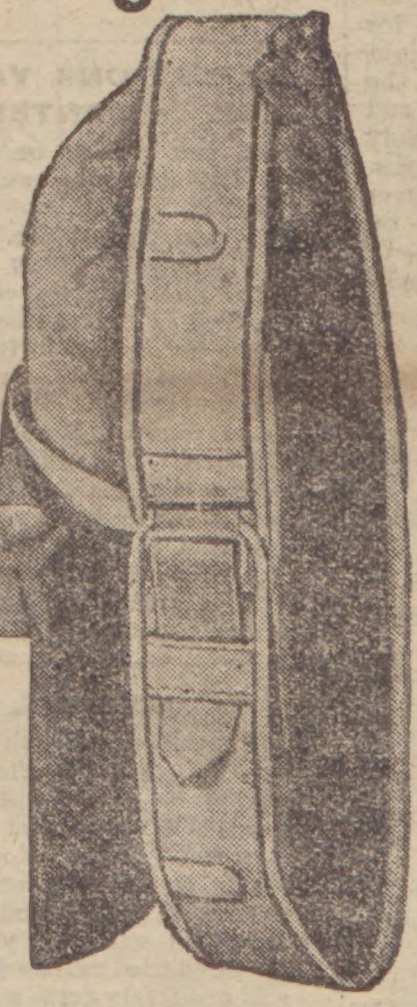


Mr. AMBROSE WILSON, the man who is doing so much for the relief of those who are weak, run-down, or in ill-health, says:

I WILL SEND YOU MY

5/- Magneto Belt for 1/-

Call and see me at once. I will demonstrate the marvellous powers of my Belt to you.



It will make you strong, vigorous, and self-confident. From the moment you put it on you will feel the benefit of its Life-giving power. It will give you a new lease of Life, it will renew your energy, restore your Will Power and give you an abundance of Vital Force.

Magnetism is now recognised

as the most effective curative power in cases of Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Nerve and Muscular Strength, Weak Back, Disordered Liver, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion, Gout, Constipation, Dizziness, Lack of Energy, Melancholia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Will Power, Want of Self-Confidence, Lack of Mind Concentration, Involuntary Blushing, &c. My Magneto Belt has cured thousands of such cases. Therefore I say to you:

DON'T STAY WEAK. I know that I can make you strong, although you may now be lacking in vigour and confidence; you can be free from weakness and be the mental and physical equal of anyone of your age. The Vital Magnetic Power which you need will be poured into your system by my Belt. If you are weak, nervous, and debilitated, get new power, new life, new vigour into you by wearing a Magneto Belt.

I INVITE EVERY MAN who is not in perfect health to try my Magneto Belt of Life. The price is not £5, but 5/- (five shillings) by easy payments. My Belt is sent on seven days' trial immediately on receipt of 1/- deposit. After you receive the Belt you pay the balance of 4/- by instalments whilst actually wearing the Belt.

READ THIS STRIKING TESTIMONY FROM THOSE WHO ARE NOW WEARING MY MAGNETO BELT:

"I have derived much benefit from your wonderful Belt. I used to suffer from swelling of the body, but since wearing it I am happy to say I have kept in excellent health," writes Mr. T. W. Harrison, of 50, Stansted-street, Elsenham-road, Little Coates, Grimsby.

"I was suffering from extreme weakness, and the doctors said I should have to undergo an operation for appendicitis, and I got one of your Belts, and since wearing it I have slowly gained in health and strength until now I am feeling quite well and a different man altogether," writes Mr. Constable, of 5, Sunbeam-terrace, Park-road North, South Acton.

"Since wearing your Magneto Belt my nerves are better and my Vital Energy has greatly increased. The longer I wear your Belt the more I prove its value," writes Mr. J. Foxall, of 37, Spring-street, Lye, Stourbridge.

"I have been wearing your Magnetic Belt for four weeks, and my health has greatly improved and I have gained in strength also. I am sure that the good health I am now enjoying is entirely due to your Magnetic Belt," writes Mrs. W. G. Foster, of 46, Hereward-road, Tooting, S.W.

"Your Magnetic Belt has given me great relief from terrible pains in the back, from which I suffered for a long time," writes Mr. Fitzpatrick, of 69, Maryland-road, Stratford, E.

Send this Coupon To-day.

with Postal Order for 1/-. Receive your Belt at once and begin to feel its marvellous powers pouring new strength into you day by day.

Address—

AMBROSE WILSON

(Dept. 19), Vulcan House,
56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.
Give size of waist.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Why pay high prices for clothes? W. W. Hedgecoe (Private Tailor and West-End Cutting Specialist), of 147, Holborn, E.C., supplies the highest quality at most moderate prices. Call or write (two doors from Gray's Inn Road). Satisfaction guaranteed. From 30s. to 63s.

Three white shirts new, never been used, exchange or what offers for cash?—Box 6083, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Golf Clubs.—Driver, Brassie, Mashie, Putter, Cleek, with Bag; only slightly soiled; the lot 18s. 6d.—Box 7,000, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Conjuring, Jokes, Card Tricks. Catalogue free.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

For camp equipments see Piggott's advertisement, page 918.

One pair motor goggles, new, cost 25s. 6d.; also cheaper pair; exchange or cheap for cash.—Box 6088, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Sacrifice, magnificent 8ft. mahogany bagatelle, complete, best condition, 45s. —Box 7002, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, Bell Tent; also camping accessories.—Write, giving full particulars, to Box 7003, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Gentleman's Cycle, B.S.A., in perfect condition, Palmer tyres, 28in. frame and wheels, Crab front brake and Bowden back.—Box 7004, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

..... Cut here .....

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib.

For particulars see page 917.

Cut here .....

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Having bought a motor-car, will sell my gentleman's safety bicycle, good condition, parts plated, free wheel, acetylene lamp, bell, bag, tools, cost recently £7, what offers?—Box 7005, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT & WANTED.

Would you like to be a Press Artist? If so, send for our Prospectus.—"Artist," London House, Westhoughton, Lancashire.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 914.

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Moustache-Grower. Send me P.O. for 1s. and I will mail you the recipe of my wonderful moustache-grower, which will positively force a moustache within three weeks. Equally good for forcing new hair on the head.—Box 4669, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A fine tonic, best-known recipe on the market, for the nerves, indigestion, headache, etc. Recipe, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 6030, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Premature greyness of hair allayed, roots strengthened, a natural lustre imparted, hair kept in good, healthy condition. Send for recipe and instructions, 1s. 1d. post free.—P. Stirling Frew, Parkend Cottage, Juniper Green.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

DOGS.

Fox-terrier, 8 months old; good points. Cost £2 2s. as pup. No vices. A well-trained dog. Sacrifice £1 1s.—63, Totterdown Street, Tooting.

Aberdeen terrier dog, young, clean in house, thorough little pal, 17s. 6d.—Bridge, 78, Penwortham Road, Streatham, S.W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The "W. T. Turner, Limited," Razors, made in Sheffield: No. 1, heavy, for strong beard, 1s. 1d., post free; No. 1A, ditto, better quality, white or black handles, 1s. 7d., post free; No. 2, lighter razor, extra hollow ground, 2s. 1d., post free. Superior quality Razor Strops, fine leather and canvas, leather grip, revolving hanger, nickel plated, by post, 1s.; better quality Razor Strops, with revolving hanger, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., to 6s. 11d. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.—W. T. Turner, Ltd., City Arcades, Birmingham.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Piano, Chippendale, iron frame, lovely tone, perfect condition. Owner gave 28 guineas four months ago, will sacrifice 19 guineas or exchange for motor-cycle.—Box 7001, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d.—or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early. — Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

2,000 to clear. Special Line, Shaving Mirror, Bowl, and Brush, usually sold at 3s. 11d.; our clearance price 1s. 6d., complete, post free. Don't miss this grand opportunity. Money refunded in full if not satisfied.—W. T. Turner, Ltd., City Arcades, Birmingham.

Old Artificial Teeth wanted, any condition. Highest prices, cash by return post. Bankers' references. Also old gold, silver jewellery wanted.—B. Chester and Co., 51, Central Road, W. Didsbury, Manchester.

Send postcard for particulars of our Free Collar-Distributing Scheme; absolutely genuine.—County Collar Co., Webster Buildings, Padiham, Lancs.

The Modern Man

EDITORIAL OFFICES:—19-23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:— Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.
NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider contributions, and to pay immediately on acceptance for those which prove suitable. All contributions must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

CHEEK.

STOP-PRESS NOTE.—We have the highest authority for denying *in toto* the rumour that the Olympic seamen deserted because they thought there was something fishy about Captain Haddock.

* * *

Mixed bathing is declared to have been a success at Hounslow. This is the reason, says a prudish member of the Y.M.C.A., why Houn's low.

* * *

Golf will, in future, be possible on some ocean liners. It is to be hoped that, whatever tract of water they may be traversing, the players' language, at any rate, will be Pacific.

* * *

The name of a Liverpool schoolgirl, who lately saved the lives of two children, is Chalk. Nevertheless, she is undoubtedly "the cheese."

* * *

A contemporary touches on the subject of snake-bites as a cure for consumption. Snake-frights, too, have been known to cure men of consumption—of liquor.

* * *

A useful three-year-old, who ought to win a race before long, is called Mr. Peeper. Those who know, unanimously describe him as a good looker.

* * *

"Amateur Rackets," runs an "Evening News" headline. Dear old Mrs. Footler says she knows that there *are* such things—in Leicester Square on Boat Race night, for instance—but she does not think that they ought to be countenanced by a respectable paper.

* * *

Among "Things We Want to Know," the "London Mail" asks "Why everybody is buying the back numbers of the 'London Mail.'" If the paper's own proprietors don't know this, surely the problem must be sufficiently troublesome to warrant the offer of a prize for solution.

* * *

"Truth," says a lady writer, "is rather like a cold bath in the morning, an excellent tonic." And, by the same token, the habit is rather difficult to "get into" at first, what?

* * *

A prominent City man is Mr. Birch Crisp. His name suggest a good hard hitter, with a rather dry manner.

* * *

Talking of a theatrical minimum wage, a contemporary says that what the Chorus Ladies wanted was "a lead." My experience tells me that what they are even more anxious for is "tin."

* * *

Where there's a will there's a way. Yes, but what happens when the old fogey dies intestate?

* * *

"Daily Mail" headline: "Girl Typist in the Box." Another instance of a "Woman in the Case," obviously.

J. S. Cox.

KNOTTY POINTS AT GOLF.

POSERS FOR PLAYERS.

There are some interesting cases in the newly-issued "Decisions by the Rules of Golf Committee, 1911" (Henderson and Sons, St. Andrews).

In a match at Bloemfontein, between A and B, the latter's ball fell off the tee just before the club reached the ball and did not touch it. B completed his stroke, and claimed that he could replace the ball without penalty.

The decision is that he could not, on the ground that a ball can only be re-teed when it falls off or is knocked off the tee in addressing it. B was not addressing the ball, but making a stroke. The ball became in play the moment he made the stroke, and, therefore, B loses the hole for replacing a ball in play. Hard luck.

The next case has rather an unpleasant flavour, so we won't mention where it occurred.

In a foursome stroke competition a creek had to be carried from the tee. A drove out of bounds. His partner B, a lady, thought she would not be able to carry the creek when her turn came, and A then told her to miss the ball, so that he should have next shot at it without the risk of her putting it into the creek. This action was appealed against, and the decision is that B's intentional miss was not a stroke. Therefore, when A played, he played out of turn, and the pair of them are disqualified.

A good job, too, for tactics of this sort are scarcely sporting. A small boy, who deserves a thorough birching, is the villain of the next tale, which comes from Bermuda:

A and B have reached the seventeenth hole in a match. A is one up. The seventeenth hole is a short one, about 180 yards. The green, situated in a deep quarry, with perpendicular walls on three sides, is invisible from the tee, owing to an intervening hill. Caddies go up to the top of the hill to mark the tee shots, but cannot see the green. A played his tee shot, and the ball was seen by his caddie to go into the quarry. B takes three strokes to get into the quarry.

On reaching the green, A's ball cannot be found. A's caddie then tells him that after the ball went into the quarry, he saw a boy come out, and called to him asking whether he had seen the ball. The latter replied "No," and went to the clubhouse. After searching for five minutes A gave up the hole as "lost ball." B won the eighteenth hole and match.

On reaching the clubhouse the boy who had been seen coming from the seventeenth green was caught, and on being searched, A's ball was found in his possession. Can A claim, under Rule 17 (3), to have his ball replaced on the green after having given up the hole and finished the match?

The answer is in the negative: A lost his ball and, therefore, the match. If A had been able to obtain the evidence of the boy within five minutes of the time he commenced to look for the ball, he might have availed himself of Rule 17 (3).

At Worlebury Golf Club a player, to improve his stance, picked up a flat stone, placed it under his feet, and played his stroke. **Does he lose the hole, and, if so, under what rule?**

Answer.—"By custom of the game the player is not permitted to build a stance. There is no rule on the subject."

Time there was.

One can see a beginner struggling with adversity in the next problem.

A and B were playing a match. A, driving, built a small mountain of sand on which to tee his ball. Then, one presumes, he made a mighty swing and sent the ball—one or two inches, so that it lay immediately in front of the sand-mountain. The question is: was A entitled to remove the sand he used for a tee?

Answer.—"Yes; the sand used for a tee should be regarded as a loose impediment."

One wonders whether A had any impediment in his speech when he saw what had happened?

There would seem to have been some friction at the Bedford Golf Club, from which the following questions are propounded:

(1) "Is it permissible in any circumstances to drive into players ahead? (2) In case two players have lost their place on the green, and refused to let the following couple go through, may the following couple drive into them in the attempt to pass."

Answer.—"(1) No. (2) No. The last paragraph of Rule 1 (2) describes the course that should be adopted. If players refuse to conform to this rule, the matter should be reported and dealt with by the authorities in charge of the green."

BOOKMAKERS' CONCESSIONS

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

Just now when the little gilt-edged morocco-bound books of rules are tumbling through the letter-box of every sportsman of repute and threatening to swamp his Lady Day bills, it seems good to turn to the subject of bookmakers' concessions and, passing over those who allow place betting when odds on, pay no limit, stamp your envelope for the return cheque each Monday, and stock you with court plaster in the sweet uses of advertisement, let us take to heart the very recent case of a pair of S.P. merchants who, to one client at least, really did concede something worth having.

Popularly supposed to have been made a prize pigeon on the boat coming from Australia, admittedly a plunger with so much knowledge of horses that he once stuck to his assertion that Pretty Polly was by Admiration out of Gallinule, little Billy Fitzdoormat, fuller of posh than a wasp living in a six-pound jar of jam, was considered a prize indeed to any man who ever laid ten thousand to ten the double—and then desisted from dreaming.

Certain smellers-out of Juggins-the-Jays spread the news of his advent; and in all the offices where the tape clicked and the big-nosed nephews of the boss refused minute-late quick 'un commissions over the 'phone, the name of Billy Fitzdoormat was as familiar as cold fish and vinegar on Shobbas.

In each office one clerk at least was told off to the Mr. Fitzdoormat department, with instructions to offer anything to the young tankard from Australia who was considered capable of backing Lomond to win the Boat Race, or a female housefly to crow when she had laid her eggs bang in the breast of Sunday's duck.

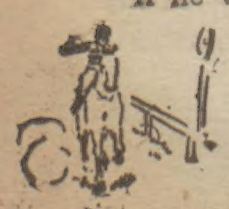
In his luxurious suite of rooms at the Ritz he held levée each morning of bookmakers' representatives, each with copies of their rules got up in gorgeous bindings, and each as chockful of concessions as a bogus mine prospector. They offered him practically everything except the opportunity of backing winners after the race was over.

At last the thing settled itself down to only two bookmakers left in the running, and these were Mr. Charles Chewberry Chippleton, of Hademall Street, W., and Moses P. Stigler, the Dutch-Irish Jew from America, who had set up for the benefit of over-the-water patrons at Winklersbury, E.C.

The mere matter of place betting when odds are laid on the favourite is small enough. Mr. Billy Fitzdoormat had two-fifty each way on a twenty to one chance (second to the 4 to 1 on favourite) with each of his merchants, and cleared a profit of a cool two thousand, by the way, a hopeful little Monday's start at Lincoln. On the Tuesday he placed to his credit an almost luke-warm amount over the success of Long Set and, as he was allowed to put in his wires to any figure up to the time of the race, it was a nasty knock for both Chippleton and Stigler. He followed this up on the Friday by netting four monkeys over Jerry M., and concluded the week by capturing what were comparatively ten performing elephants when a pretty double sailed home on its little own on Saturday.

Of course, both Chippleton and Stigler reasoned this would not last, but Chippleton saw also that it would be infinitely better if the gilded youth did his business entirely with him, so that he might get his money back the sooner. The same thought seemed to strike Stigler.

On the Monday, therefore, Mr. Fitzdoormat having notified them that he would not be doing any business in the slack week that precedes Newbury, Stigler rang him up to ask him to do him the honour of lunching with him. Chippleton, who had a spy in the enemy's camp in the person of a bright young man who wangled the stamp account, heard of this and sent a messenger to ask Mr. Fitzdoormat if he would dine with him at Romano's and, incidentally, receive his cheque in settlement.



Over the maraschino with Stigler, Mr. Fitzdoormat was informed that, win or lose, Mr. Stigler would be pleased if he would make the little Monday lunch a fixture all through the flat-racing season.

Chewing a superb bouquet of Henry Clay with Chippleton after dinner, Mr. Fitzdoormat, with becoming grace, heard that Mr. Chippleton's concessions included a little dinner at Romano's whenever he felt like it. Colonials, they both knew, appreciate hospitality. Judging by their respective bills, too, Colonials seemed to rather relish shower baths of liqueurs.

But Stigler, who had his secret agent in Chippleton's office in the person of the Commissionaire who cast fonts all importunate callers and who was responsible for half the whisky the stingy Chippleton missed out of his marked bottles, heard of his rival's move and was mad indeed until, on the Tuesday, his client looked in to stand a morning tonic and passed a seemingly inconsequent remark on the absence of a lady typist in Chippleton's office. Chippleton went from the wine bar where they drank together straight to a registry office and picked out a sweet young thing who was just every flower in the garden, and dwelt not on the fact that she had carelessly left her testimonials in a pair of stockings that had gone to the wash. That she could not type much mattered very little at all, as Mr. Fitzdoormat spent the afternoon getting her to teach him to do it, and he confessed that with lookers-on he felt nervous, a feeling which Mr. Chippleton so understood that he left him to it in his private office, and wondered for a half hour whether it would look too much as if he were asking for his sole custom if he rang up Maple's for a roomy and luxurious Chesterfield with three cushions.

That evening Mr. Fitzdoormat confessed to Mr. Stigler, whom he met at the Empire, that, London having palled on him to the extent that the country was calling to him, fain would he have attended Leicester on the morrow had he met such an abhorrence of travelling by train. Mr. Stigler, anxious that he should answer the country, immediately placed at his disposal his four-cylinder Silent Knight—which Mr. Fitzdoormat ran from the Long Acre garage that night.

Some two days after, Mr. Stigler and Mr. Chippleton met in the Albert Club.

"If you hadn't lent him your car he couldn't have run off with my typist," said Mr. Chippleton.

"And if you hadn't lent him your typist he wouldn't have run off with my car," said Mr. Stigler.

Both being ex-pugilists the betting opened immediately.

Yet when the searcher after truth analyses things he finds less than the blue half of a Seidlitz powder in the way of a wealthy Melbourne Muggins who wants to elope with a lady. Wherefore why should he trouble to do a poor little bookie out of his pretty moty-car, and rob a pair of stockings at the laundry of their lawful owner?

The currant is pulled out of the cake on reflecting that it was the real and sorrowfully sanctimonious Mr. William Fitzdoormat—having landed a fortnight behind his brazen impersonator—who, through his Presbyterian pal, the Reverend U. Maynot, put the veto on the proposed public fight to a finish between Messrs. Chippleton and Stigler—bookmakers—who are ever-ready to make stupendous concessions in favour of their clients.

STRANGE STORY OF A SHARK.

It is generally believed that the female shark is in the habit of carrying her young in her mouth until such time as they are capable of self-protection, and on more than one occasion the writer has seen sharks which, when cut open, were found to have small fish alive within them. Only once, however, has such an experience befallen him as that which follows.

Fishing one morning for shark which infested Suakim Harbour, on the Red Sea Coast, we caught a small specimen, and a party of soldiers proceeded to haul the struggling creature ashore. Very nearly half of it was already out of the water when suddenly an immense fish made a grab at it. Now a shark's teeth are so set in the mouth that when once it has seized an object it cannot relinquish hold, and such was the case now. It took some twenty men to haul the two fish ashore, where, when both had been killed, the bigger of the two was found to measure over eighteen feet in length. Several of the officers present made photographs of the creatures—the one protruding from the mouth of the other.

GAMBLERS I HAVE COME ACROSS.

All men are gamblers!

Hush! Don't interrupt.

I don't mean the sort of thing that conjures up visions of "the gambler's wife," a forelorn-looking female sitting up in a squalid room in front of an empty grate, and a clock which has just struck one of the small hours—nothing of that.

But it is a fact that there is a trace of the gambler in every man's composition, though he may never touch cards and knows absolutely nothing of the Turf.

Some men gamble in love—some in that elusive stock, hope—others put up stakes for fame and titles. Life itself is a game of chance, and every manjack of a player has a bit on.

There was Payne, fine fellow to look at, more than a bit wild, but staunch to the core.

Hated cards and dice like poison, and yet was a born gambler. Superstitious, too, like them all. Never undertook anything without tossing for it.

Gambled on the Turf to a pretty tune did Payne—won like a gentleman and lost like a sportsman.

Another sort of man altogether was Jephson—he was a humbug—got his living by gambling and gamblers, and wrote for religious papers denouncing the besetting sin of sportsmen!

Jenks was another of like kidney who kept a gambling hell under another name, and posed as a religious individual under his own! They might be said to be playing pitch-and-toss with their chances the other side of the Beyond!

Timms was a speculator—another name for gambler—he was on the Stock Exchange, and a financier of repute—there was a slight difference of opinion as to the quality of that same repute.

Some who had suffered called it ill-odoured, others who had prospered by the same means held that it was perfumed by success. In private life he was a jovial soul, and if he gave to the poor and needy from superstitious motives, as his enemies averred, his gifts did good, and were a very present help in time of trouble, and anyhow man was not given at the Creation the right to weigh his brother's motives.

Forder was a gambler in love. There was a comely wench in a pit-brow dwelling and there was a proud-faced girl in a mansion. And Forder loved the lady, but he got entangled with the rustic maid. Then he found out that he was unlucky in love, for he lost the high stakes for which he had played almost within an ace of winning, and a burly, britty collier gave him a thorough thrashing for ruining the girl of low degree.

With some men gambling is a sort of madness and takes them in fits. There was one fellow I knew—he was a doctor and went on his humdrum way for months, just like any other member of the medical profession, and then he would suddenly disappear for a week or so.

He had gone to Monte Carlo with an infallible receipt to break the bank, of course.

He won, I suppose, at times, but generally he returned home the worse in his temper, having lost several hundreds of the guinea fees that had been paid him by the grateful or otherwise patients.

It was the green table, too, that had a fascination for young Parkins—spent his days and nights in working out an elaborate system which, when tried, proved worthless.

He gave it up at last and went to sleep lulled by the fatal fumes from a gas jet ingeniously conveyed by means of tubing under his pillow, and like many another millionaire, in fancy, he sleeps to a finish in a pauper's grave.

There was Dean, who went the pace at such a rate that he fell at his thirtieth milestone worn out. He gambled like he drank, and sinned generally on a grand scale.

He was a champion at making absurd wagers and winning them, from his madcap race on an unbroken horse to his swim in a mill race. He had the devil's luck to the end.

There was Cotton, gentleman Jock, who staked his reputation on a woman's honour and came a bigger cropper than when he broke his collar-bone over the sticks.

He eloped with her to save her from an unhappy marriage—à la Lochinvar—only to find out when she was wedded to him that he was but a cat's paw, the favoured lover not having the spunk to do what Cotton did.

When he made the discovery it was too late, the light-o-love had flown. But he laid a heavy wager that he caught the guilty pair. He did, but the Divine Vengeance had been quicker!

The dog-pit and the cock-pit are things of the past, but the same spirit which animated the spectators watching the gallant gamecocks or two game terriers in a fight to the death is as much abroad to-day as then.

"You can bet on anything," said a chap to me the other day. "It is the spice to sport."

The sport of the thing! Bah! It isn't the sport—it's the odds that matter.

There was Clay, a thorough sportsman and the most reckless gambler that ever bestrode a horse. Gambled away his patrimony; and he hadn't a possession on this earth but he was willing to stake it against anything or nothing.

It was said of him that if his soul was of marketable value he'd have staked that long ago. Yet a kinder-hearted fellow never crossed my path, and most generous withal. Certain it is that when Clay passes to where there shall be no more gambling he will be missed far more than many a better man.

There was a funny old chap who lived in an obscure street; and he, too, was a gambler.

But he patronised neither the Turf nor the gambling hell.

He bought foreign lottery tickets and dreamed the dreams of avarice. He never won a cent, but he went on buying. Like a true gambler, he believed the luck would change one day.

It has not done so yet, but the State lotteries are the richer for his hopes. If he did not purchase those bits of paper he might lose his chance, he says.

Chance is the god of the gambler.

A. M. STEWART.

THE BORE AND THE BISHOP.

The Bishop of London is a long-suffering man, but there are times when his patience is strained almost to breaking point.

One day a caller was boring him exceedingly. "What a grand life a bishop's must be," said the visitor, gushingly; "it may be presumption on my part, but I would like to exchange places with your lordship for just one hour to experience what it must be like."

"Ah," exclaimed Dr. Ingram, fervently, "I wish you could *this very moment*."

But, of course, the bore did not "see it."

LANCASHIRE WRESTLING.

In answer to a correspondent, the following are the National Amateur Wrestling Association's Rules for the Lancashire or Catch-as-Catch-Can style:

1. Every contest or competition shall be decided by not less than two and preferably four judges and a referee, the latter to be appealed to if the judges disagree; one judge shall not be empowered to give a decision. The decision of the referee shall be final, and further the referee shall have power to decide any points not provided for in these laws.

2. The wrestlers shall take hold how and where they please, subject to the following restrictions: The hair, flesh, ears, private parts, or clothes may not be seized, the twisting of fingers and thumbs is forbidden, nor may such a hold be obtained that the fear of breakage or dislocation of a limb shall induce a wrestler to give the fall. It shall be unlawful to butt or to kick, but striking with the side of the foot shall not be deemed kicking. The following clips are barred: The double Nelson, the arm or foot up the back with the bar on, the hammerlock, the strangle, the half-strangle, the scissors, the hang, the flying mare with the palm uppermost, and the foot twist.

3. A fall is obtained when a wrestler's two shoulders shall be on the ground at the same time to the satisfaction of the judges. If no fall be obtained at the end of fifteen minutes, the judges shall write their decision and hand same to the referee, who, in the event of the judges not agreeing, shall decide which wrestler shall be declared the winner.

4. The judges shall see that a wrestler's finger-nails are trimmed, and that he has not on his hands or body any substance likely to cause distress or injury to his opponent. The wrestlers shall compete in their stockinged feet or wearing rubber-soled gymnasium shoes. The wearing of sweaters will not be permitted.

5. The referee shall disqualify any wrestler using unfair means after having been once cautioned.

6. In a handicap on the tournament system the time-limit shall be ten minutes.

STOAT HUNTING.

AN EXCITING SUMMER SPORT.

A form of hunting, within the reach of almost any man with sporting instincts who lives in a suitable country, is that of pursuing stoats with a small cry of pocket beagles.

The country best adapted to the sport should be fairly open, with stone walls, small coverts, plenty of rough land, and not much arable.

The hounds employed may be three or four couples of ten- to eleven-inch beagles, of the sort employed in Sussex and elsewhere for rabbiting. These are not expensive either to buy or to keep, and any outhouse or stable will serve as kennels. Two or three young men may combine to keep them on the trencher-fed principle: each taking care of a couple at his own home, where they may live in the house, and be fed practically for nothing on the table-scraps supplemented with a few dog biscuits. Each owner attends with his beagles on hunting days.

Permission to hunt stoats must be sought from the neighbouring owners and occupiers of land, and will seldom be refused: since the stoat is a deadly enemy to game birds, eggs and poultry, and is not easily shot or trapped by keepers.

The stoat is much larger than the weasel and may easily be distinguished by its longer tail with a black tip. In autumn it turns white in the north and of a more or less pale yellow further south. Like all the *mustelidæ*, its habit is to hunt by night and lie up by day, generally in a stone wall or clitter of rocks. The best season for the chase is from April to July, when they travel in family parties, known as " trips," and often cover many miles in a night.

The stoat leaves a strong drag or trail of scent like the otter, and it is by this means that he is traced to his kennel. The method of hunting him is to take—very early in the morning, soon after sunrise—the little pack of beagles, accompanied by a terrier or two, to some farmstead or place where pheasants are being reared and draw carefully round it to hit off the overnight drag. The pack will then go off full cry on the scent, running at a great pace beside the hedges and dry ditches, through the coverts, and amongst the heather and boulders to the spot where the quarry is sleeping off his last night's meal.

Here hounds will " mark " by baying at the hole in the stone wall or aperture among the rocks, through which he has entered his stronghold. The pack must now be taken away to a little distance and the stoat evicted. This may be done by removing a few stones and blowing some tobacco smoke into the kennel, when the quarry will speedily bolt. The terriers should be carefully put on leads during this operation or they will probably run in and " chop " the vermin.

Plenty of law should be allowed the stoat when he bolts, and he will generally go straight away across country to some other retreat of which he knows.

The pack laid on, an exciting run usually follows until they overtake him and roll him over before he can gain another stronghold. Sometimes the drag of a stoat will provide a run of four or five miles; and after he is bolted, so quickly does he travel that the little beagles may easily get a chase of from one to three miles before coming up with him.

A horn and crops are the only necessary equipments for this very genuine and sportsmanlike form of hunting; and the trophy, to be cut off and presented to the lady first up at the kill, is the black-tipped tail, which makes a good ornament to a country hat.

CULTURED NOMENCLATURE.

It was a truly pretty and engaging sight—a small boy leading a little dog gently along the street. The small boy had the nobly-bulging forehead, the interestingly pallid complexion, and the gold-rimmed spectacles that bespeak the deep thinker, the highly cultured child.

" Come, Fido," he said. " Do not linger thus."

An old lady stooped to pat the dog.

" What a pretty doggie," she murmured. " What breed is it? "

" That, madam," replied the youth, " Is an expectorating dog," and observing from the old lady's questioning look that she did not understand, he added with withering scorn, " *Common* people would call it a Spitz! "

THE ACCUSING DAWN.

A MAN'S MATUTINAL REFLECTIONS.

The dawn peeped into the room as if confident it was the harbinger of gladness.

The man turned his face to the wall with an oath.

He hated the new day, the dawn was as an accusing eye to him; he felt as if he could not face it with those bloodshot eyes of his.

By and by he crept out of bed, but that was when the day was further advanced, and the yellow sunshine had taken the place of that cold, white light.

Last night he had walked as a conqueror, now this morning he crawled like the abject worm he felt himself to be.

Between the night and the dawn a man can go through a revolution! How his head thumped and how sick and limp he was, and yet only a few hours back his pals had hailed him the life of the party.

And the man knew that the sickness was one half physical, the other half was a moral nausea. He mixed himself a stiff tumbler. He must pull himself together. Somehow he must collect his thoughts. What had he been doing last night?

The sunlight danced on the bed-rail, and as the man's miserable eyes followed the beams, he caught sight of a faded bunch of violets, and a groan came from his parched lips.

He would rather that had been a dream, he told himself.

Out in the quiet country lanes, he could hear the birds, he even fancied he could hear the brook gurgling over the stones—there at their old trysting place!

And what a beast he had made of himself last night! He had even brought her name into that foul atmosphere; sunk so low as to do that!

On her photo on the mantelshelf the sunlight played, but he wouldn't look at it.

There on the floor lay the violets.

She had given him those flowers, and they mocked him—mocked him with memories of purity and fragrance.

What else had he done?

Pretty near ruined himself, for the play had been high and the wine potent.

But he had paid.

Oh, yes, he had kept his honour! And if he had looked at that photo now Her face would have mocked him.

He was paying now, by lingering instalments, and Nemesis is a cruel creditor.

" It's a queer thing," ran the man's reflections, " how different everything looks in the morning after—well, after last night. It's the sun," he supposed. Darkness and artificial light play tricks with one's moral vision.

He buried his aching head in his hands.

What about Her?

Memory, like an inexorable call-boy, reminded him that he had promised to meet her down by the stepping-stones! Should he go?

All the sunshine in the room seemed centred on the photo on the mantelshelf. The man's eyes at last seemed drawn there by some instinct stronger than his will.

He picked up the bunch of violets as one making an act of contrition.

Outside the birds sang and the music of the brook voiced an impatient invitation.

She would be waiting for him down there, where the blue forget-me-nots grew.

Out there in the sweet fresh air. Should he go?

Had he forfeited all right to keep that appointment?

The cold, white light of the accusing dawn had given place to a new day!

The fumes of last night were slowly fading from the man's brain.

He was beginning to understand that it was, indeed, " the morning after " in a better sense than when he crept out of bed.

He went out into the warm, mellow sunshine itself, down to the brook gurgling over the stepping-stones.

The brook was not Jordan, but Her kiss seemed to him to make him cleaner.

A. M. STEWART.

Forthcoming " Blazes " in 1912.—No. 1: The " Ashes."

* * *

The ancient maxim says " Cast not a clout till May is out "; but Smith Minor says he strongly opposes such actions on the part of his form master at any season of the year.

GEORGE HOLT'S DECISION.

A SHORT STORY.

By FRANK SCUDAMORE.

The office tent was pitched on the outskirts of the British Mission Camp. It was big and square, with double flies, and with its inner walls ornate with Arabesque designs in bright-coloured canvas. Its carpeted floor was sunk some three feet below the ground, from whose surface rose the canvas structure.

In front of the tent, beneath a wide awning, sat George Holt, the Head of the Mission. A book was on his knees, but he was not reading, and the pipe that lay on the arm of his deck-chair had been cold for at least an hour. For almost that time, indeed, Holt had not moved, but had gazed, with wide, unseeing eyes, at the placid scene before him. A placid scene certainly, but dreary in its monotony and treeless desolation. There was nothing to look at that he did not know by heart. Away at the far end of the plain three tall dust devils curtseyed one to the other, and twirled and spiraled and flaunted upward till they topped the mountain peak, and then were dissipated by a gust of wind, only to begin their aimless dance anew. Away to left of him a stork chaffered unceasingly on top of the minaret of the mud mosque. Away to the right stretched the cornfields of his nearest neighbour, golden with heavy-eared grain that awaited only the visit of the *Tahsildar* to assess the tithe and give the permit to harvest.

This was Holt's third year of exile within these wilds. The third year since his marriage to Hilda and the ensuing quarrel with the uncle who had called him his heir. He smiled bitterly at the thought of the drastic consequences of that quarrel. It had wrecked his life—that was all. The change from the full, strenuous, eager life in a crack regiment had been rendered the more poignant by the contrast with life in these wilds, where in a populace of a hundred thousand souls, he and Hilda represented one-eighth of the total European community.

And yet he felt that this altered career, with its shrunken purse and slow prospect of promotion, would be but a minor evil, were it not for the change in Hilda herself.

Yes—there was the change.

The lovely, bright, joyous girl, who had so readily endorsed his plea that "Uncle Charlie will come round," was to-day a very different woman, listless, querulous, indifferent.

Alas, poor Hilda! He had wrecked her life like his own.

Nay, more, for he at least had duties and occupations, but she had neither duties nor interests, nor amusements; nor cared to make either.

Holt sighed heavily. Then he roused himself; the distant clatter of a horse's gallop broke the noonday silence of the plain.

He rose, stepped out into the sunshine and looked around at the drowsy camp. There were the horses—a long row of them beneath their mud-roofed lean-to—flicking lazy tails and idly tossing fringed frontals, and there were the guard tents, with saddles and accoutrements neatly ranged on "trees," that stood in pans of water, defying the white ants, and there, again, was the kitchen-tent, with the great black stone before it, an object so weirdly grotesque that it had scared away a wolf that had strolled into camp in the moonlight.

Aye, and beyond were their own quarters. That clumsy Algerian tent screened the chaste slumbers of Madame Bertin, the old French doctor's capable motherly wife, who had come out from the distant town to be with Hilda in her trouble. Holt smiled at the thought of the hustling, lovable old woman, and her unfailingly happy prognostications.

Thence his eyes turned to a huge boat-shaped tent of green canvas, with spacious annexes for bath-room and for boudoir, and with a lofty roof of mud and straw raised high above it. Within, surrounded with every element of comfort that the country could supply, lay his wife Hilda, awaiting that event which is at once the happiest and the most dreaded of a woman's existence.

Would that event serve to knit together once more the parted strands of their two lives? It had often so happened.

"Ah, well! Allah Akbar."

He sighed again, and, entering the office tent, sat him at his desk.

* * * * * * *

Tayar Agha, bending his tall form at the doorway, tripped down the mud steps and saluted.

"The mail, Excellency," he said, and handed Holt the triple-sealed bag from the Embassy.

The arrival of the mail, that precious link between the exiles and the Homeland, thousands of miles away, was the event of the week at the British mission.

To Hilda, indeed, it seemed almost to represent the only good that life held, and it delighted her husband to note that there was at least one thing that had power to rouse her from her constant apathy. As a rule she made a point of opening the bag herself and sorting out its contents, and this done, would hurry off to her own quarters, her arms full of magazines and weeklies.

Often George, seeking her hours later with some item of home news, would find her sitting idle with picture papers strewn all around, and would laughingly compare her to the old gentlemen in clubs, who collect all the latest editions, merely to sit on them and go to sleep.

He looked up from the open bag.

An hour later an elated, happy, enthusiastic benefactor to humanity rushed, lantern in hand, into the office tent. It was the old doctor.

"Well, Tayar Agha?" he questioned.

"Excellency," said the man. "It is Moussa Beg. He is out again. Last night he raided Elmaskueni. There were many killed. To-night he will attack Armoot."

"That is not an hour distant," mused Holt. "Will he come here?"

Tayar shook his head. "But as the *Madama* is ill," he said, "the Wakeel is sending out a further guard of twenty men. They will be here in an hour."

"Good," said Holt. "You know what to do."

And Tayar saluted and went his way.

George Holt, seeking first his private correspondence—for surely, the official screeds would keep—found two letters in a hand well known to him, that of the family lawyer.

They were dated within a few days of each other, and, being an orderly man, Holt opened first the earlier one.

It was with a feeling of disappointment that he broke the seal.

He had written his uncle of Hilda's expectations, and had hoped against hope for a kind word in reply.

But no; he was put off once more with the lawyer (a good friend, to be sure), through whom all his uncle's communications had been made, since he had disobeyed him and taken Hilda to the Registrar.

But with the first few lines he read his thoughts were changed. The letter was long, but its purport may be

rendered briefly. His uncle had not, indeed, forgiven him, but he was loth to visit the sin of the father on the child. He had, therefore, made a new will bequeathing the property and estates to the unborn child of George and Hilda.

George was to be guardian of this child, and it was the old man's wish—the letter added—that he should, as soon as possible after the birth, resign his appointment and return to England to reside on the estate to which the child would be heir.

"A complete reconciliation," commented the friendly old lawyer, "safeguarded, just for pride's sake, by a few formalities."

Holt sat for a moment quite still, his heart gripped as in a vice by the poignancy of the announcement.

Then he took up the second letter. It was a brief statement to the effect that his uncle had died, and that the former letter as to the disposition of the property held good in every way. It further urged George Holt to return to England so soon as might be.

Holt rose and paced the tent and gazed out, all unseeing, over the sunlit plain. Abou Legley still chaffered in his minaret. A string of great gray cranes stalked in single file across the cornfield. He did not see them, nor the arrival of the new guard and Tayar's reception of them in the outer camp. No; his thoughts were far away, centred in an old, rambling red-brick house, whose every nook he knew, set amid sunken lawns with yew hedges quaintly trimmed, with a long drive between banks of rhododendrons, backed by tall trees. He had been caned for stoning squirrels in those trees. And now he could go back to it all, and, better still, he could take Hilda home and give her the life she loved. Poor Hilda, who had suffered far more than he during these years of exile.

His pacing had brought him near the desk, and mechanically he took up another letter and opened it.

His eyes had read the first page before his startled brain grasped that his wife was the person addressed.

* * * * * * *

"My darling," began the letter, and then followed hot words, fiery utterances of delicious love and denunciations of a person who, he slowly realised, was himself.

* * * * * * *

"My Darling!" And the woman thus adored—herself too evidently adoring—was his wife, Hilda Holt. He read the letter through, and again, and yet again, once more.

It told him much—nay, if a man might ever get to the ultimate depths of a woman's heart, it told him everything and made quite patently clear poor Hilda's conduct throughout these past unhappy years.

It was the old story, of course. She had loved Leslie—Norman Leslie, who had nothing—and had married him—George—because he was heir to fifty thousand a year and a title. "Of course, Uncle Charlie would come round." That was the keynote of everything. And Uncle Charlie had not come round; and exile, and almost poverty, had pressed on the heels of his resentment, and thence these three years of miserable unhappiness.

* * * * * * *

He read the letter again. Yes; Leslie had now come into his fortune—a wholly unexpected benefice.

And, yes; these were the damning words.

Leslie expected her to join him in England so soon as "the hateful child" should be born.

"You cannot travel now, my dear one," said the letter; "but come as soon as you can. I'm waiting."

* * * * * * *

The night shadows began to close around the camp. The old stork on the minaret kicked aside a few flax twigs and bedded down in his brambly nest.

Away in the distance an angry wolf barked loudly at some other wolf. It was their mating season.

And George Holt sat still and silent in his deck chair, his head sunk forward—the cruel letter in his hand, thinking, and thinking, and thinking.

* * * * * * *

To him of a sudden came M. Bertin, the old French Army doctor, who had a heart as big as his moustache was big, and a manner born of Algerian Frontier wars, abrupt as that of a Tartar camel-driver.

Holt did not see him enter, and was roused only when the old man placed a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"Mon ami," said the Doctor, in tones where sympathy struggled with tears; "Mon ami, du courage! You must be a man now, if ever. I have to put a proposition before you. It is a matter for dreadful consideration."

He paused and mopped his bald head with a handkerchief.

"My poor friend," he said; "Madame, your wife, is in a bad way—so bad, indeed, that I am compelled to put before you a horrid alternative.

"I have not time to explain all. As you know, I am alone here, and there is no aid within five hundred miles.

"Brusquely, brutally the alternative is this, and you must give me your decision at once. I cannot humanly hope to save both the mother and the child. I know what you will say. I have noted your affection; but it is my duty to ask:

"Which shall I preserve?"

* * * * * * *

Probably two minutes had passed. George Holt still sat silent and motionless. The old doctor touched him gently on the shoulder with a hand that trembled.

"Mon pauvre ami," he said, "time passes. Your decision?"

George Holt looked at him as one drunk. His eyes seemed to stand out from their lids.

Then he spoke quite quietly.

"Doctor," he said "by every means that your science and your skill can devise—save the mother."

* * * * * * *

The heavy night shut down over the plain. Thick clouds of mist dropped curtain-like from the hill-tops and closed around the camp and the little village, and the bathing pools over which rose weird, shadowy, formless shapes of vapour.

Away in the distance, towards Armoot, a dozen rifle shots rang out, but muffled and so indistinct as not even to disturb the drowsy guard.

George Holt, however, heard them in his deck chair under the awning. He was nerve-strained; a cigala shrilling somewhere near by had for a while past irritated him almost beyond measure.

When the firing began he sighed as one relieved, rose, went into the tent, wrote some words on a slip of paper, and put a weight on it, and then, taking his revolver from a drawer, walked out into the night.

* * * * * * *

An hour later an elated, happy, enthusiastic benefactor to humanity rushed, lantern in hand, into the office tent. It was the old doctor.

"My friend," he cried; "my friend, God has been very good. We have accomplished miracles. Yes, miracles. Both the mother and child are saved, and are doing well.

"You have all our felicitations.

"Tiens! Tiens!" said the Doctor, when he saw the tent was empty. "Where can he have got to? Well, never mind. A happy father will not be far away."

* * * * * * *

There are, however, mischances in every deal.

Moussa Beg got back to his fastness, unhurt and enriched. But George Holt was never seen again.

BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Rosina Filippi, the distinguished actress, tells this story against herself.

One afternoon she went to pay a round of visits. At the first house a gentleman came in who invited his hostess to congratulate him, at the same time announcing his engagement to be married.

"Not to a widow, I hope," said the hostess, joking.

"Not much," was the reply. "You don't catch me taking another man's leavings."

Miss Filippi's next call was one of condolence on a lady who had recently lost her husband.

She was shown into a room where sat the widow surrounded by relatives and children, all in the deepest stages of gloom.

The situation got upon Miss Filippi's nerves, and, feeling she must say something, she burst into an account of her last visit.

"I was calling on Mrs. Blank just now," she said, "when Mr. Dash came in and announced that he was engaged. Mrs. Blank said she hoped it was not to a widow, and what do you think Mr. Dash replied? He said, 'You don't catch me taking another man's leavings'—such a funny thing to say."

It was then that Miss Filippi realised what she had said. She does not remember how she got out of the house, but she arrived home in floods of tears.

SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

17.—Will You Walk Into My Parlour?

[We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men and women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.—EDITOR.]

The swindle I have selected for revelation this week is not a startling one, but at the same time it has several particularly interesting features, its chief charm being, I think, in its simplicity.

For some time I had had the idea that the methods of moneylenders might repay a little careful study, and, as regarded their fraudulent aspects, might be worthy of imitation in some improved form. So I put myself in communication with several firms of the worst reputation, and afterwards got into personal touch with them. In order to pursue my inquiries right through, in one or two cases I submitted to the first and easy "inquiry fee" fraud, and even to a few following bare-faced impositions, just to see exactly how the whole trick was worked to the very end.

NEAT AND FASCINATING.

The methods were all very much alike. With a great deal that was admirable, I found little or nothing that was new—they lacked originality, and consequently, to a certain extent, disappointed me. But it is only fair to the members of one of the most unscrupulous of all callings to admit that in thinking it possible my investigations might reveal some opportunity of fraudulent practice which had escaped their perception, I feared for a long time that I had done them an injustice. It was not their fault, I reflected, that their game had its limitations, outside which they could not play.

I felt somewhat chagrined in having to confess to myself that, in supposing I could gather a useful hint or two from my study of that game, I had been the victim of my own conceit and over-confidence. But I hadn't been, after all; for, but for that study, I should never have hit, as in the end I did do, on the neat and fascinating little swindle I'm now going to give away for the first time. Strictly speaking, I don't "give" it away at all, for I'm satisfactorily paid for the revelation of it. Not one of my swindles is of any use to me in my present condition and circumstances, except for its selling value.

MARKED "PRIVATE."

I put my idea into practice without delay. In the first place I should want offices, so I took 'em—a couple of very nice rooms, I remember, very nicely and suitably furnished, just off Charing Cross. "Expense no object" was always my motto in signing agreements carrying with them liabilities I did not propose to meet; and in this instance it was not likely that I should have any reason for not absconding before the first quarter's rent was due—for, as you know, it was never my habit to carry on the same swindle for any length of time; otherwise I could not have accumulated so many to claim as I *can* claim, "without fear of contradiction." The front room was the clerks' room—so called by me because nobody ever saw a clerk in it. Whenever visitors came in my clerks had always gone out—to the bank generally—and something invariably detained them. But I always saw to it that their desks looked businesslike and their stools as though they were waiting to be sat on again. The room behind was marked "Private." I referred to it as my parlour, to convey the suggestion that it was where I had pleasant little cosy chats with my clients.

A GEM.

As soon as my name was up—"which it was" Fergus McAbercrombie—and a few preliminaries were in order, Fergus McAbercrombie advertised very much in the following terms:

"Instant Financial Relief from all Embarrassments.—A Private Capitalist has carefully organised, on a business basis, an original system of Calculated Philanthropy, of which he offers the unique advantages to Ladies and Gentlemen of all classes who may be in want of Immediate Advances of Money. The security of Reversionary Interests, Postmortem Legacies, Bequests, and Expectations preferred, but such, or other, security is not indispensable. Any honourably-intentioned proposal willingly entertained. Priority of attention given to large sums. Address, in full confidence, or call on Fergus McAbercrombie," etc.

If you want to understand and appreciate all the points of that advertisement read it again. When you have learnt how it worked, read it a third time. If all its artfulness hasn't dawned on you before, it will then.

THE NEXT STEP.

While waiting for the first flies to walk into my parlour I interviewed a half-dozen or so of the best, and best-known, of the London life insurance corporations, selecting first, and as far as they went, those that assured the public that, employing no agents, they paid no commissions, as such offices would naturally be the readiest to pay them to anybody. In each case I came to a quick and pleasant understanding, taking away with me all the "forms" and other papers I thought I should have occasion to call into use.

Replies to my advertisement swamped in—early visitors were legion. The first batches of the latter I choked off wholesale—they weren't worth weeding out. The letter-writers I did sort. Taken altogether, they were a very satisfactory lot, the percentage of wrong 'uns being lower than I had expected. My appeal to the impecunious many hanging on to life-interest holders and rich relatives had attracted literally hundreds of hungry applicants. Before long I had numerous callers of the same kind. Within a week or ten days of my start I had scores of flies in waiting for whom it was worth while to spin, and I arranged special appointments at the rate of several a day. Here and there a fly proved too "fly"—others didn't ask for enough—here and there "it didn't come off" for other reasons; but, putting all my failures together, they didn't amount to anything that mattered. I was soon sucking enough blood out of the right sort.

One day's experience will show how smoothly and well the whole thing worked. I won't pick a top strawberry—the sample shall be a genuinely fair representative specimen.

THE WAY IT WAS DONE.

At half-past ten o'clock, then, I received one morning, per appointment after correspondence, a Mr. Bertie Kerstan, a young man of twenty-five. Bertie wanted a thousand pounds. He had an aunt who was living on the interest of four thousand. On her death, he had represented, he came into one-half of this capital sum, on which reversionary interest he proposed to borrow.

"Well, my dear sir," I told him, "I have given very careful attention to this application of yours." His letters and the documents he had sent me were all under my hand as I spoke. "I will say at once that I am prepared to entertain it. You fully understand the terms I offered you—subject, of course, to my finding everything in order?"

"Oh, yes," said Bertie eagerly. "Six per cent.—most reasonable, I'm shaw! And you *have* found everything in ordah, Mr. McAbercrombie?"

"With one serious exception."

His face fell.

"Wh-wh-what's that?" he blurted.

"This reversionary interest of yours is not an absolute and assignable one. If you die before your aunt your share goes to your sister. Where should I be then?"

THE BAIT.

"But auntie's nearly double my age, and she'll go off the hooks fifty years before me, in the—the natural ordah of things, don't y' know! That's it—the natural ordah of things."

I shook my head.

"Not good enough, Mr. Kerstan. But the obstacle is not insurmountable."

"Not in the least," Mr. Kerstan assured me hopefully but vaguely. "You were going to say, sir——"

"Simply this. But, first, you're not insured?"

"No. I nevah——"

"Then I can go no further in this matter until you are."

"Where's the nearest office? I'll go and fill up a proposal form at once."

"We'll first come to a distinct understanding, if you please," I said a little severely.

"I only want a thousand."

"There must be a margin to cover accumulated interest."

"I forgot all about the interest."

"Quite natural. But let's get on. The insurance must be effected with a first-class company, the choice of which is subject to my approval. The moment that policy is made over to me, Mr. Kerstan—for all other formalities I will attend to in the meantime—I will hand you a thousand pounds on the terms agreed to."

"Do you think I could pull it off by this evening?"

CAUGHT.

"Certainly not. But you can save time, if you like, by filling in a form here—I'm a rather large shareholder in the Cosmopolitan, and I think I've got—yes, here's one." And I produced a "proposal" paper.

"What will the premium run me into?" asked Bertie a little dubiously.

"Thirty-one pounds sixteen and threepence. The first year's premium in advance, immediately the doctor has passed you."

"I can't do it. I'm broke to the world. Thirty-one pounds odd at one go? It's impossible."

"Not at all." And I knew I was right. Hard-up men of Bertie Kerstan's class can do wonders when they're *in extremis*. Within sight of such a sum as a thousand of the best they can, and will, and do, do anything. I continued:

"If you can't keep the premiums up I must pay them myself, adding them to the loan at the same interest."

That settled it.

A few days afterwards he came in beaming and gasping. He'd passed the medical examination and paid the first year's premium, and when could he have the money?

"Show me your receipt."

CASH DOWN.

He showed it, repeating his question as he did so.

I told him at once that he couldn't have it at all. I'd made further inquiries, the result of which had been so unsatisfactory that I had decided not to touch the business on any terms. No; I would not listen to him. My mind was firmly and finally made up. I was not interested in his opinion of me—I was only sorry that he had so grossly deceived me. Well, if he wouldn't go, he'd find himself put out.

What could the poor devil do? Nothing. He had acted on nothing more substantial than my spoken word, my verbal undertaking—and, of course, he must abide by the consequences of his own credulity. What had I done of which the law could take cognizance? Nothing.

My commission from the Cosmopolitan was fifteen pounds, cash down, being one per cent. on the sum assured.

I remind myself that what I promised was a one-day sample. I haven't really "exceeded the limit" by my report of developments, because they entailed not a single further stroke of work on my part.

IN HOLY MATRIMONY.

In the afternoon of this "sample day," on lines so similar that the difference isn't worth pointing out, I ran another chap into another company for a couple of thousands. He'd touched fifty years, and ought to have known better, especially as the reversion he was entitled to *was* absolute. But in his case I lowered the interest to 4½, and he was crazy with haste to take advantage of my imagined softness. He foolishly supposed I hadn't noticed how riskily the capital-fund was invested. What did the capital-fund matter to me?

The premium on the fifty-year-old was, I remember, though it didn't concern me, eighty-nine pounds fifteen. He had a bit in hand, and paid up like a shot. He was extremely offensive when I refused to lend him a stiver. My commission was at the same rate as in the other case, and therefore amounted to twenty pounds, bringing my day's earnings up to thirty-five pounds. My third caller was a lady, but it turned out that her only object was to offer me her hand in holy matrimony. Application declined. Some of those companies will never again have such an agent as I was—for a time. Finding they all paid the same "com.," I let my "clients" choose their own offices. I only occasionally invited them to "fill in" in my own place, lest they should smell a rat (by-the-bye, rats don't smell); I hadn't suggested such a thing, for instance, in the case of my second client. It made no difference (I took care that it didn't) as regarded my "1 per cent. on the sum assured"—which I fixed at a minimum of five hundred. There was no maximum.

ABOUT PLAYED OUT.

Before I shut it down, my business was being run on these fine, simple, broad principles: No application from any (uninsured) man or woman refused; no inquiry fees; no inquiries; no security except a policy of insurance; no references; no delay; no written promises; no loans.

Up to the last I kept within the law, but at the last I broke outside it; though not, I think, before the game was about played out. Some of the offices had tumbled to it, "from information received." I had to deal with an application for a larger sum than any I had been asked to advance before. The applicant was a single woman—in a desperate fix for money. It was quite safe to offer to carry through the whole of the necessary insurance business for her entirely by myself. In accepting, with effusive gratitude, she let out that she had been refused by several companies. I wasn't surprised to hear it. No doctor in the world, with any reputation at stake, would have passed her. I sent her to a bogus one, representing that he was medical examiner for one of the oldest assurance corporations in England. I had thus, for only the second time in my life, to square an accomplice—but he only cost me a trifle.

"ON THE RISK."

The premium called for so much that she had to pledge her jewellery to raise a part of it. I don't know where she got the other part from, but she did get it. I explained that, as agent for the assurance corporation as well as for herself, I was empowered to give her her receipt. The policy would then be completed without delay, the corporation being "on the risk" in the meantime, from the moment she handed me the money. With trembling fingers, but without a shadow of suspicion or hesitation, she placed me in possession of the lot—on my last day in those nice offices of mine.

[*Another of these revelations will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

RINGSIDE GOSSIP.

CURRENT NEWS ABOUT BOXERS AND BOXING.

It is remarkable how faint-hearted the public are apt to become nowadays just before a big international contest, in which their own country is to be represented. The latest instance of this is the not inconsiderable doubt that is being shown in a great many quarters on the subject of Jim Driscoll's chances, on the Monday night before the Derby, against Jean Poesy, the French feather-weight champion.

Why this pessimism, however! We know Driscoll to be quite the equal in skill and ring-craft of Digger Stanley. The bantam title holder, who gives us an excellent line to go on. True, Poesy beat Stanley; but it must be remembered that this was only on points, also that Poesy was, as a feather-weight, pounds heavier than the Digger, and, moreover, that the latter fought for nine rounds with one hand, having lost the use of his right in the sixth round.

Driscoll is just a shade heavier than Poesy, and is considered to be our cleverest boxer. Why, then, should such doubts be cast on his ability to dispose of a man who, try as he would, could not knock out a much lighter man who could not use his right?

Young Harris, the curly-haired young South African fly-weight with slightly bow legs, who recently came over so full of confidence, has had an unpleasant pull up at Liverpool in a contest with Young Joseph's Nipper (London). The Colonial showed considerable pluck; but he was not the equal in point of strength or science of the London lad, who knocked him out late in the bout with a left to the jaw.

Matt Wells, having at last secured his meeting with Packey McFarland, at Madison Square Gardens, New York, is now probably wishing more or less fervently that he hadn't. The Chicago boxer simply won as he liked, scoring the points in every round. He could have clearly knocked out poor Matt at any time, had he liked, but he was obviously taking care to avoid this.

It is sad to think so, but the English champion has, without a doubt, lost the good form he once undoubtedly possessed.

THE YARDSTICK YACHTSMAN.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By HORACE J. SIMPSON.

Mr. Swanchor Brahn knew considerably more about yardsticks than yachts, and he never would have become the owner of "The Happy Family" but for a pair of unfortunate accidents. The first happened to him in the train which took him to Sluiceport for his summer holiday, and will be revealed in its proper place later on. The second may be recounted right now.

Ben Cherrytree touched his cap respectfully to Mr. Brahn on the first morning of the latter's stay at Sluiceport, under the mistaken impression that he was saluting a gentleman who had offered him twenty pounds for "The Happy Family," a week before. The shellback had held out for twenty-five, though quite prepared to accept a fiver less, should the would-be purchaser remain adamant after a second inspection of the craft. But the gentleman had left Sluiceport without another look at "The Happy Family."

"So you've come back, sir," said smiling Ben to Mr. Swanchor Brahn. "Glad to see you. I was beginnin' to think I'd have to let her go to some gent. as didn't know how to handle her. I've thought over your offer, sir—an' I'll take twenty. Twenty quid for a boat like that, but she's a rare bargain! Look at her now—ain't she a beauty?"

Mr. Swanchor Brahn looked at the craft indicated by Ben's tar-stained finger, and nervously ventured the opinion that the price was still too high.

"I'll—er—give you fifteen, my man," he said.

"Done!" cried the shellback. "She's yours, sir—cash down."

But when he saw such evident surprise on the face of Mr. Brahn, he could have kicked himself a mile for his precipitation. However, he resolved to make some small amends for his grievous blunder.

"An' I'll drink your very good health over the deal, sir. You'll never have no luck with her unless."

"I—er—Delighted, I'm sure!" stammered Swanchor Brahn. "But—er—about the purchase-money—really, I'm afraid I have not so much gold with me. You wouldn't accept a cheque, of course?—from a stranger?"

"Lumme!" exclaimed the salt. "Take a cheque? Why, in course! Your name's good enough for Ben Cherrytree, sir."

And what could Mr. Swanchor Brahn do in face of such a compliment as that but lead the way to the "Ship Aground" and call for refreshments and a pen? A brand new cheque-book was fished out, and a draft executed in Ben's favour for fifteen pounds. The shellback scrawled a receipt, and Mr. Brahn became owner of the 6-ton obsolete fishing smack "The Happy Family."

"An' here's jolly good luck with her!" cried the wily old salt, raising his glass.

"Thank you," Mr. Swanchor Brahn said absently. He was beginning to realise that the ownership of "The Happy Family" might prove a tangle difficult to pull clear. But Ben temporarily smothered his anxiety by suggesting that it was a fine day for a sail.

"Ah, yes!" agreed the new owner. "Put me on board, will you? I'd like to see what she can do."

He saw the possibility of at least a few hours' pleasure out of the deal, whatever the ultimate consequences.

Ben hove up the anchor and set the rotten sails with the ease of the seasoned salt he was. And he very quickly appraised the yachtsmanlike qualities of Brahn at their low value.

"Knows as much about a boat as I know about a bull," he said to himself with a grin. Aloud he asked if Brahn would like to avail himself of his experienced services until he got a little accustomed to the craft. "A body allus feels awk'ard aboard a strange hooker," he said. "I do myself. You'll very soon get to know every cleat an' halliard, sir. Let me come with yer this mornin', sir. I'll only charge yer a couple o' bob an' a pint o' beer."

"Thank you," Swanchor Brahn said loftily. "I can manage, my man. I have had a great deal to do with yachts."

The truth was he had never in his life been aboard one. But he had certainly heard a good deal of them from Mr. Yellowstuff, head of the "woollens" department of his firm. Yellowstuff owned a small boat on which he spent most of his week-ends, and Brahn had always envied the lucky beggar. But his wildest imaginings had never reached a point at which he, too, would own a yacht. Yet here he was sole proprietor of "The Happy Family." It was like a dream!

"I was wondering," said Swanchor Brahn, faintly, "wondering whether I could trust you to sail the yacht to Sluiceport."

Ben Cherrytree got into his dinghy and pulled ashore, chuckling inordinately.

"Lumme!" he told himself. "If he hadn't been a chinky fool he wouldn't have parted with fifteen quid for a leaky old tub I bought for a fiver ten year back. Struth! Ain't it wonderful what a brushful o' paint will do! Hope th' muggins won't come to any harm with her, anyway. Tells me he's used to sailin' yachts, eh! Well, I reckon he's done it in his mother's wash-tub. Lumme! Don't some people swank!"

Meanwhile "The Happy Family" was running an erratic course up river. Mr. Swanchor Brahn had discovered that by shifting the position of the tiller he could alter the boat's course, and he did it frequently and decidedly, very pleased with his new toy.

A mile above Sluiceport he ran the craft into a broad rill. It was nearly high-water, and he was able to get close alongside the saltings—so close that he jumped ashore and made a line fast to a pile.

Some one hailed him. He looked in the direction of the seawall, and immediately recognised young Smitherson, a new junior in the "silks" of his firm.

"Smithy!" he cried, delighted. "What in the world brings you down here? I thought you were at home, ill,"

"That's right," said Smitherson. "So I am. My people live at Bogglesham—next station up. Didn't know you were a yachtsman, old chap."

"No? Well, you see, Smithy, I don't talk about it at the shop. The fellows would only think I was swanking. It's all right for Yellowstuff. His screw warrants it. But mine—well, you know, Smithy!"

"I understand," Smitherson said, with sympathy. "I never say that my father runs the biggest drapery establishment at Bogglesham, for the same reason. I'd hate to be thought a swanker. But I say, Brahn—aren't you going to invite me aboard and give me a sail?"

"Rather, old chap! Come on. I'll just show you what my boat can do. She's a beauty. I've had her now for—let me see—ten years, I should say. And I tell you I wouldn't part with her for twice the sum she cost me. Yachts are like good wives, Smithy—the longer you have 'em the dearer they get. I love my boat—I do, really!"

Mr. Swanchor Brahn was leading the way aboard "The Happy Family," and so did not see the very broad grin on Smitherson's face, otherwise he might have wondered.

"We'll sail down past Sluiceport," he said, as they

pushed the craft out of the rill. "The river's wider that way, and more interesting."

"But we'll have wind and tide against us," Smitherson reminded him.

"Oh," said Swanchor Brahn, "that won't matter in the least. She's a real ripper—sail anywhere, anyhow."

He pointed the boat's bows down stream—her mainsheet slackened off, just as Ben Cherrytree had left it for sailing before the wind. Smitherson ventured to suggest that it were hauled in. But Swanchor Brahn would not hear of it, and the junior in the "silks" grinned again.

After ten minutes' sailing "The Happy Family" was some hundred yards farther from Sluiceport than when they started from the rill.

"Can't understand it," said Mr. Swanchor Brahn. "She's never behaved like this before. She's sailing backward. There must be something wrong somewhere."

"Never mind, old chap," encouraged Smitherson. "The tide will be running down in a few minutes. We'll be able to drift to Sluiceport, then—if we can't sail."

"But we can sail," Brahn declared, getting angry. "If you knew anything about yachting, Smitherson, you'd have the decency to keep your mouth shut. I suppose it's the first time you were ever on board a yacht, isn't it?"

"Never was on a yacht like this craft," Smitherson admitted, a little maliciously. "By the way, how long did you say you'd owned her, Brahn?"

"Oh, about ten years," returned the yachtsman, in a huff.

"Ten years! Buy her of old Ben Cherrytree, Brahn?"

"What do you know of Ben Cherrytree?" snapped Swanchor.

"Used to go fishing with him when I was at school at Sluiceport. He had a very old boat named 'The Happy Family,' and he used to take us schoolboys—a dozen at a time—for the whole day on Saturdays at threepence a head. Proper old sort, was Ben. But artful! My word—wasn't he just! A favourite trick of his was to sell the old boat to some greenhorn who thought he knew all there was to know about boats, and when the greenhorn found out what a rotten, useless old tub she was, and wanted to get rid of her, he'd offer to buy her back again at about half of what she'd been sold for. Oh, a cute old character was Ben!"

Swanchor Brahn was boiling with indignation.

"I suppose you know that the name of my yacht is 'The Happy Family'?" he asked, wrathfully. "Are you trying to take a rise out of me, Smitherson?"

"You didn't tell me her name, old chap."

"It's painted in large enough letters on her—her—outside," Brahn retorted.

"Her outside? Her bows, you mean?" Smitherson leaned overside. "Oh, yes," he said. "Remarkable coincidence, isn't it, old fellow? But, then, isn't there a saying something about that chap having a long arm?—coincidence, I mean?"

"I know nothing about it—and don't want to," Swanchor Brahn snapped at the "silks" junior. "I'm more interested in getting this boat back to Sluiceport."

"She's still going the wrong way," Smitherson said, unconcernedly; "but the tide's all but down. You'll be able to close-haul her presently and tack down with the ebb."

"You pretend to know all about it," Brahn emitted, stingingly.

"I was brought up by the riverside," the young man said. "But we were speaking of coincidence just now. It reminds me of a peculiar instance. Yesterday was the 13th of July, my father's birthday, but a date he always considers unlucky. He's one of those strange people who will have it that thirteen is a disastrous number to be mixed up with. Well, thirteen years ago yesterday he travelled from London to Bogglesham by train. It was a wet day, just as yesterday was. He threw his mackintosh up on the hat rack. When he got home his cheque-book was missing from the inside pocket. He fancied it had fallen on to the hat-rack; but he never found it. Funny thing—yesterday it happened all over again, in precisely the same way. Here, I say, Brahn! What are you looking at me like that for? Don't you take it in? It's gospel, really!"

"I was wondering," said Swanchor Brahn, faintly, "wondering whether I could trust you to sail the yacht to Sluiceport. If I could, I'd go into the cabin and lie down. I've got a rotten headache coming on."

"Rather!" said Smitherson. "I'm supposed to be on the sick-list, I know; but I'm quite equal to that. I've always loved boat sailing—ever since I was at school. You go and lie down, old chap."

Two hours afterwards Swanchor Brahn saw young Smitherson off at Sluicebridge Station. He then made for the "Ship Aground" and found Ben Cherrytree.

"I say," he almost gasped, "you haven't cashed that cheque, have you?"

"No, sir," said Ben. "I was goin' to ask Mrs. Shackles, me landlady here, to oblige me; but I heard her say she was short o' change. So I thought I'd wait till the mornin'. Nothin' wrong about it, sir?"

"No, no, my man—nothing wrong, of course," said Swanchor Brahn. "But I'm called suddenly back to town, and sha'n't be able to spare time for yachting. Will you call off our bargain—for a consideration?"

"Gimme a fiver, an' I'll take back th' boat," offered Ben Cherrytree.

"Three pounds," haggled Swanchor Brahn.

"Five," insisted the shellback.

"Very well, then. I've no time to waste."

Mr. Brahn counted five sovereigns into Ben Cherrytree's palm and received a much-crumpled cheque in exchange. And the last train from Sluiceport that evening bore him back to London, to finish his holiday in his dingy lodgings.

By the first post next morning Mr. Smitherson, of Bogglesham, received his lost cheque-book. One cheque was missing; but as he had taken the precaution to stop all the numbers, it caused him no uneasiness. There was nothing in the envelope to show to whom he owed the restoration of the book.

An exaggerated story of Swanchor Brahn's yachting adventure still occasionally goes the rounds of the firm.

And the ball is usually set rolling by someone in the "silks."

MR. SANDOW'S START.

At the outset of his professional career, Mr. Eugen Sandow found himself at Amsterdam, and in very low water. He wanted to attract attention to himself, but he had no money to advertise.

After some hard thinking he turned his attention to the automatic weight-lifting machines to be found at railway stations and other places.

Hiring a cab he drove round Amsterdam, dropped a penny in the slot of each machine, gripped the handle, and—well, in most cases the machine crumpled up.

Next day the city rang with the news of the mysterious outrage, and a big reward was offered for the capture of the gang, as they were supposed to be.

Sandow repeated his performance twice, but the third time he was caught and run in.

But what had he done wrong? He had merely, as invited, tried his weight-lifting powers. The authorities had to release him; he became the talk of the town, opened his strong man show, and made a big success.

'WARE THE POLICEMAN.

Perhaps the greatest cover-point—Hobbs and Mr. Jessop not excepted—ever seen in the cricket-field was the late Vernon Royle.

Of him old Richard Daft once said: "A ball hit past Mr. Royle means four, but a ball to him means you are run out if you are so much as an eyelid over the crease." On one occasion Tom Emmett and Bates were batting, with Mr. Royle fielding in his usual place.

Bates hit a ball towards cover and started to run, but Emmett sent him back with a shout of: "Whoa! mate, don't you see the policeman?"

ONLY SILLY FOOLS.

Sir Henry Haworth was once one of a party going over a lunatic asylum, when he became separated from his friends.

Seeing a genial-looking gentleman reclining in a spare chair he went up to inquire for his party. Instead of the information he wanted, Sir Henry was met by the curt question: "Hullo, you're new. What are you in for, may I ask?"

"Well, I—I—I'm a bi-metallist," stammered Sir Henry, taken aback.

"Oh, go on," was the knowing reply, "bi-metallists aren't lunatics; they're only silly fools."

Puppy Walking

TIPS THAT MUST NOT BE OVERLOOKED.

It is the duty of every sportsman living in the country, who has the needful accommodation, to walk a puppy for one of the local packs of hounds.

By so doing he is substantially helping the hunt, since it is impossible to walk puppies at the kennels, and the future of any hunt depends to a large extent on the men and women who walk its young hounds.

Moreover, the puppy-walker who does his duty by the valuable youngsters entrusted to his care not only has the absorbing pleasure of watching them grow up to materity, but the additional interest of seeing his former charges at future meets and of watching their work in the field.

ESSENTIALS.

Puppies always do better walked in couples, a dog and a bitch from the same litter being preferable. They are sent out shortly after they are weaned, and should be given as much liberty as possible.

A warm bed in an outhouse or stable, free from draughts, into which they can be locked at night, is a necessity. The outhouse should be kept scrupulously clean, a low bench with fresh litter-ed in dry straw should be provided, fresh water—with some flowers of sulphur in it—should always be within reach, the bench and floor of the apartment should be frequently washed with Jeyes' Fluid and kept covered with fine sawdust where possible.

Feed regularly: at first three times a day, at 9 a.m., 1 p.m., and 6 p.m. Afterwards, a morning meal at nine and an evening one at five will suffice. Good oatmeal porridge with well-boiled milk or broth, should be the staple diet for puppies at walk, varied by fresh, clean, table scraps and green vegetables, occasionally. Nettle-tops, boiled as spinach is boiled, are especially good for them, and easily obtained in spring and early summer.

PRECAUTIONS

During the day the puppies should be allowed to run about at will, in the paddock yards or a garden where they cannot do much damage. Big bones should be given them, as they not only keep the teeth clean and help in getting rid of their milk-teeth but they serve to keep them also amused and out of mischief. A rag-doll and a ball or so tossed into the playground will answer the same purpose.

If they are never, by any chance, allowed into the house, they will soon learn that it is forbidden ground, and will not venture inside to the destruction of sofa-cushions, carpets, brushes, and crockery.

Exercise on the roads as they grow up is an excellent thing, as it hardens their feet and accustoms them to traffic; but they should not be allowed to run with a cycle or cart, or they will grow crooked and out-at-elbows.

Of course, all larder-doors should be kept closed where puppies are at walk, or many a joint of meat will disappear. The blame will not be due to the puppy, who can know no better. Also ash-pits, pigs' buckets, and refuse generally should be kept covered, or otherwise beyond their reach, for they are terrible scavengers.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Foxhound puppies are easily rendered shy and nervous by petting and harsh treatment. Kindness combined with firmness is required; the whip is not. That will come soon enough, when the serious business of their education commences on their return to kennels. A cross word or two, or a mild blow with the palm of the hand, just hard enough to be distinguishable from a pat, will teach a puppy that he is in disgrace, and he will promptly fawn and lick your hand for forgiveness.

The huntsman will pay the puppy-walker periodical visits to see how his charges are getting on. If there is anything wrong with them he will prescribe and send any necessary medicines from the kennels. Should they show signs of illness he should at once be notified and asked to come and see them. Do not give drugs on your own responsibility.

If they have regular meals, plenty of fresh-air, and exercise, and cleanliness in all their surroundings, there is no reason why they should have distemper. If they do contract it, carry out the huntsman's instructions to the letter, and, in addition, bring the sufferers into the house, keep them thoroughly warm in some old blankets near the kitchen fire, and feed them at frequent intervals with Bovril and, if necessary, a little brandy mixed with it. Warmth and good nursing are the best cure for distemper.

Keep the puppies until they are wanted at the kennels. Nothing is more vexatious for a Master than to get all his puppies out to walk, and then, a few months later (because the walker is tired of them or wants to go away and shut up his house, or because his wife's motor-veil has been left in the garden—instead of being put in its proper place—and so torn up by the puppy), to have him sent back to kennels, and have to find a new home for him at the most inconvenient age and season.

Nobody should offer to walk valuable puppies who is not prepared to treat them according to the lines laid down in this article. The reward will come later, when after an excellent luncheon at the Master's invitation, and pleasant chat with old friends and neighbours in the paddock attached to the kennels, the puppy-walker sees his ex-charge led out on the flags with several couples of others from all parts of the country and hears the judge award him the first prize in the young entry.

PARDONABLE PRIDE.

If he has had a dog and a bitch to walk and takes a prize with each, and possibly an extra for the "best couple," he will be a proud man as he drives home in the evening with a silver cup or a rose-bowl or a pair of candlesticks, to testify to all-comers that he is that mainstay of every pack of hounds: a successful puppy-walker.

The unprecedentedly large entry of 150 has been received for the twenty-second annual Parliamentary Golf Tournament, the first and second rounds of which will be decided at Rye on May 18. The previous highest total was 135.

The Handkerchiefs that defy the laundry
It is not enough for handkerchiefs to have tasteful colour borders, perfect finish, and correct patterns when new. They must defy the wash-tub, be pleasant in use—and retain their attractive features. You can get that satisfactory kind only when you insist on
PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS
GUARANTEE: Six free for every one that loses its colour in the laundry.
6½d. each. Coloured Borders or All-White.
Of all Outfitters. If any difficulty send 6d. for sample to PYRAMID, Dept. I/R, 132, Cheapside, E.C.
Every genuine Pyramid Handkerchief bears the Pyramid Label.
PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

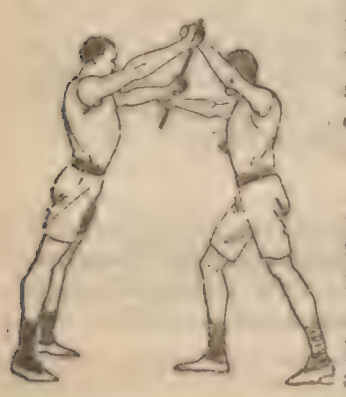
FOR ARMS AND SHOULDERS.

Here is a capital exercise for developing the arms and shoulders. It is true it requires two persons to perform it, but so many of my readers are bachelors living in boarding-houses or sharing rooms with a pal that they should have no difficulty in finding some one to exercise with. A stout pole or stick such as a broomstick is necessary, but beyond this no further apparatus is needed.

First settle which is to be attacker, which defender, and then stand facing each other.

Each of you holds the pole at arm's length above his head. An overhand grip is taken as near the ends of the pole as convenient, one of the contestants having his right hand outside the other's left, and his left hand inside his opponent's right.

The game is for the attacker to try by pressing on the pole to force his opponent over sideways until the end of the pole is pointing straight down to the ground. The attacker may try to force the pole over first to one side, then to the other, but the defender must confine himself to resisting as strongly as he can.



When the pole has been forced over until it is vertical, the bout terminates, and attacker and defender change places.

Another capital exercise for two persons, which I think you will be able to understand without an illustration, is performed as follows:

Sit on the floor or ground facing each other, and at such a distance that the legs are fully extended, but overlap so far as about your respective ankles. Each of you supports himself on his hands, arms extended.

Now let one of you place the flat of his right foot against the inside of the other's right ankle, and trp to push his leg round to the right, he resisting all he knows how. Then perform the same exercise with the left foot, and then, as before, let the attacker become the defender.

This is a really splendid exercise for the lower limbs, and the competition element in this and the pole contest lends interest to the proceedings.

NASAL DRILLS.

Here is an excellent exercise for those with poorly developed lungs or who have got into bad breathing habits, breathing through the mouth, shallow breathing, etc. It is in great favour among Eastern races.

Take a slow, deep breath, and close the right nostril by pressing the finger against it. Then while it is closed slowly exhale and inhale again by the left nostril. Then close the left nostril by pressing on it, and exhale and inhale by the right nostril, and so on alternately.

This exercise, which is most valuable for securing breathing control, should be performed for five minutes night and morning and in pure air.

You may at first find it a little difficult to breathe by one nostril—I mean that you may find that one nostril is more or less stopped up, while the other is free.

In this case close the free nostril by pressure and inhale and exhale through the defective one some ten or fifteen times running, or until it feels clear, and then resume the alternate nasal drill.

A useful exercise for strengthening and enlarging small and weak nostrils, and developing the muscles at the sides or wings of the nose is performed as follows:

Stand in front of a looking-glass, close the lips firmly, and inhale and exhale through the nostrils breathing so hard that the nostrils *visibly*.

Readers who are troubled with stuffiness in the nose or air-passages, short or interrupted breath, laboured breathing, wheeziness—in fact any breathing trouble at all—will find speedy and lasting relief in religiously performing this nasal drill night and morning.

By the way, when suffering from a cold in the head, as it is called, remember when blowing your nose to do so through only one nostril at a time.

The simplest way to do this is to close the other nostril by pressure.

The reason for this is that in the congested state of the air-passages there is risk of injury to the delicate Eustachian tubes if you blow hard through both nostrils at once.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

"Fed Up" (Enfield).—Stokers for the Royal Navy must be able-bodied young men of very good character, between eighteen and twenty-one years of age. Previous experience not necessary. Height and chest standards vary according to age from 5ft. 4in. to 5ft. 6in., and 35in. to 36½in., height also affecting the chest minimum. Pay commences at 11s. 8d. a week.

A. E. H. (Manor Park).—(1) Measurements by no means good. (2) The best way to increase your height is to adopt the system of Mr. Arthur Girvan; his exercises will also improve your other measurements.

A. P. (Highgate).—The best cure for round shoulders is to join the Territorials and be drilled.

"Disappointed" (Kentish Town).—Cheer up. Rome was not built in a day, nor a strong man made in a few weeks. I consider your progress quite satisfactory.

STRONG WILL-POWER

[illegible] "The St. Settef Course" [illegible]. It enables YOU to succeed in matters where the man of ordinary Will-Power fails. Increases Concentration, Self-Reliance, Purposefulness and Personal Magnetism. [illegible] character. Gains for you the sincere respect of the men and women you meet. Improves Health and Personal Appearance. BRIGHTENS AND BROADENS YOUR OUTLOOK ON LIFE. The Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only 2/6. THIS IS YOUR TOTAL EXPENDITURE. Course is sent in plain sealed package. ENROL TO-DAY. Next week will see you delighted with your progress. THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M.), PERTH, N.B.

CHRISTY SAFETY RAZOR

5/- Complete with Strop-Holder, Strop, and 6 Best Sheffield Steel Blades.

Quick Action.

Good Clean Shave.

A Boon to the Tourist.

Ask your Ironmonger to show you a "CHRISTY."

On Sale Everywhere.

ROBINSON'S REST CURE

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ROGER DE MALAHIDE.

A few men who have heard where I really was for a year and a little bit over always seem to me to eye me rather suspiciously, and to treat me rather significantly, whenever they can't help meeting me. But such occasions are rare, for I am as willing to avoid them as they are anxious to avoid me—or is the indicated attitude on *their* part only a fancy on *my* part?

I suppose the story—or, to be accurate, a misleading version of a part of it—must somehow have leaked into their ears; but they cannot have been fully informed, for it is certain that the whole facts have never been truthfully divulged.

I will now so divulge them, for, as far as I am concerned, I much prefer that everybody should know everything, rather than that a few should remain in a position to indulge, without contradiction, in confidential whispers concerning a distorted revelation, true enough as far as it goes, but calculated to be injurious to me just because it doesn't go far enough—a revelation of the truth, and nothing but the truth, but not of the whole truth.

To go back to the beginning is to go back to a crisis in all my worldly affairs. For long enough, and not without intermittent success in self-deception, I tried, as men in such circumstances as I was in always do try, to blind my eyes to what was staring me in the face. Not to put too fine a point on it, what confronted me was financial ruin—with all the other forms of ruin that in this financial-minded world financial ruin carries with it. When at last I realised, at all events to some extent, what my actual position was, I drew up as complete, careful, and detailed a statement of my affairs as I could compile, and placed it in the hands of my legal adviser, who said he would require a week or two for investigation and consideration. So I went for a fortnight to Brighton, to get away from my worries and anxieties; but they all came down with me, following me about by day and haunting me by night. I returned in bad health, and returned in worse.

My solicitor was ready for me. The fateful consultation between us having been pre-arranged, I went straight to him from London Bridge.

"What do you make of things?"

His long reply to my first, and "leading," question, showed that he had allowed no grass to grow under his feet. He had posted himself up in the status and prospects of every company in which I held shares, learnt the worst and the best of all the speculations in which I had been gambling, acquainted himself with the attitude towards me of the people who would be the heaviest losers by me if I crashed up. "You're in a very peculiar position," he began to explain.

"Insolvent?"

"At the moment, hopelessly so. But there's nothing very peculiar in *that*. Just as things stand this morning, you might as well file your petition to-morrow."

"What can I pay in the pound?"

"Nothing."

"Can you see absolutely no hope of my being able to pull round?"

"That's where the peculiarity I spoke of comes in. It isn't a matter of hope, but of certainty that if you can lie low for twelve months—give everything a year's chance—if you can wait, and keep everything and everybody waiting for just about that time—you're a made man instead of a ruined one. Some of your lowest cards will be trumps—if you can hold on. I know what I'm talking about when I tell you that, in my opinion, nothing on earth can keep some of your shares down very much longer. There's a big rise in store for them. But in the meantime you can do positively nothing. Your affairs want what the doctors nowadays call the rest cure. They'd be quite safe in my hands."

"I know that."

"You couldn't go travelling about for twelve months?"

"No."

"Rusticate in the country somewhere?"

"No."

"Got *any* ready money?"

I shook my head, and Lavvison shrugged his shoulders.

"Let me see," he said. "I'm at the Courts to-morrow—come in on Wednesday, will you?—and we'll fix something up. But I tell you again, man, that all your affairs want is time. The best thing for you that could possibly happen," he went on—half seriously, I couldn't help thinking—"would be for some considerate judge to give you a year or nine months in the second division. Everything would be all right by the time you came out."

He rose quickly, advanced eagerly, grasped my hand tightly, and uttered my name joyously.

I felt worse than ever—so "rotten" that next day I decided to let a doctor have a go at me. I might as well get into debt with a medico as with anybody else. A friend mentioned the name of a newly-established practitioner in Finsbury Circus, with more letters after his name than in it.

"Jones is the man for you, Robinson—if anybody can put you right, he will," was the confident assurance that encouraged me to ring up Doctor Jones and make an appointment with him.

The severely professional air which he was wearing when I was shown from the waiting-room into his sanctum vanished "like a flash" almost the moment he saw me, and before a word had passed my lips. He rose quickly, advanced eagerly, grasped my hand tightly, and uttered my name joyously—minus a prefix, but plus a tag that nobody had associated with it for many a long day. There was no doubt about the "glad surprise" with which he recognised me.

"Robinson minor! Well, I'm——"

I looked hard at him—and then "it came to me."

"*Jarvison* Jones!" I cried. "Who'd have thought it? Why, Jarvie, old man——"

Away rolled all the years in between. Jarvison Jones, Esq., M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., and other qualifications "too numerous to mention"? Not a bit of it! He was dear old Jarvie Jones, captain of the first eleven, and stroke of the junior fours. And I wasn't Edward F. J. Robinson, a run-down, care-worn speculator with a lot of worries and responsibilities and liabilities on his shoulders? How could I be, when I was "Robinson minor," the scapegrace—and the favourite of the school? You know how it is when old schoolfellows meet. The recollections we recalled tumbled over each other. The questions we asked each other were innumerable. Did I know what had become of old so-and-so, had he ever knocked across old so-and-so, did I remember this, that, and the other, did he recollect when all sorts of exciting events took place? What had I been doing? How was he getting on? What chums we had always been—Jarvie and I—in those days of our boyhood! And now we had met again—as doctor and patient. Almost at the same moment we seemed to realise regretfully that we stood in that relationship towards each other—and something of his professional manner returned as he resumed his seat and asked me to move my chair a little more into the light. He

spoke in an altered voice, and appeared to be looking at me with different eyes now.

For a long while he listened to me without a word of interruption. Then he questioned me, and followed up my replies with other questions, afterwards bringing out some instruments and examining me—very carefully, but not in any great detail or at any great length.

"What do you think of me, Jarvie?"

I couldn't "doctor" him, and he couldn't "mister" me, for he answered, slowly and with grave solicitude:

"Teddie, you're in a bad way."

"I know that," I said, with a touch of irritability, of which he took no notice. To him, it was merely another symptom. "What can you do for me?"

"I can tell you what to do for yourself, but I can't do anything for you."

"What does that mean?"

"I mean simply this. You're in an over-wrought, unstrung, dangerous condition. Your only way of escape from it is by escape from its provocative causes. You know as well as I do—but not better—what those causes have been. Over-work in some degree, over-excitement in much greater degree—strain, pressure, worry. All the drugs and tonics I could give you would only make you worse in the long run, by spurring you on to an exertion you are quite unfit for and incapable of without something of the sort. You have been swallowing advertised pick-me-ups, you know, Teddie, for a long time, to keep you going by day, and poisonous sedatives to send you to sleep at night.

"Let's come to the point," he continued. "As things are, and have been, you're riding for a fall—and the fall isn't far off. It's the pace of modern life that's told on you. To drop metaphor, there's only one cure for a case like yours."

"What is it?"

"The rest cure. You must go right away and lead the simple life for a twelve-month—free from anxiety, worry, thought, care, correspondence, business, everything, everybody. You must rest—nothing else—only just rest."

So what my legal adviser was prescribing for the state of my affairs my medical adviser was prescribing for the state of my health. No doubt if I had consulted a spiritual adviser he would have prescribed the same cure for the state of my soul. The point I had had to face with Lavvison I had now to face with Jarvison Jones—could I afford it?

"Let's have it quite candidly, Teddie—how are you off for means? Well? Badly?"

I told him everything.

He grew very thoughful, and remained in thought for some time before he calmly propounded the amazing proposition he had thought of.

"I know the very place for you," he declared. "It's a splendid modern building, up-to-Dick and up-to-date in every respect, standing in beautiful grounds of its own, in the purest of pure country air. Water, sanitation, cooking, domestic arrangements—all that sort of thing—tip-top. The servants are the best-trained I ever struck. It's positively an ideal place in an ideal spot for the practice of the rest cure. Peace, quiet, rest—where you need never take a single thought for either to-day or to-morrow—all fretting and scheming left behind you. I shouldn't tell you about it, Teddie, only the fact is I can get you in for nothing. The question is, will you go?"

"Go where?" I asked, with natural excitement.

"Into Claybury Lunatic Asylum. You've mentioned where you live, and the address is within the area. Now, keep cool and listen quietly. We can arrange everything quite easily. You've told me that you're a single man and without any relations you need take into confidence. I'll sign the certificate, and my assistant, who has just qualified, will do anything I ask him to do. With the magistrates, it's just a matter of form. As for getting out again, when your rest cure is completed, I'll make that as easy as getting in."

Never mind what immediately followed, except to say that Lavvison was delighted. In the circumstances, he assured me, he would be able to nurse my affairs, keeping everybody at bay, and, therefore, without interference, for just the time they wanted—and the time the doctor had said *I* wanted.

I passed a placid, pleasant, contented, and positively happy year and three weeks at Claybury Asylum. I can speak of it in the highest terms. I came out of it in the pink of health and condition and in the most buoyant of spirits, Lavvison having notified me that I was worth at least a hundred shillings in the pound.

WANTED THE BIGGEST FIGURE.

Solomon Israels had several daughters of varying [illegible] and he wanted to palm one of them off on Izzy Abr[illegible]

"Yeth, Izzy," he announced, "mit Rebecca, [illegible] seventeen, I shall gif a dowry of fifty pount, und Mi[illegible] who is dwenty-tife, I shall gif one hundred pount. [illegible] dere is also Judith, who, poor girl, is thirdy-dree. She [illegible] haf one hundred and sefenty-five pount. Josepha is [illegible] and in her case the dowry shall be two hundred pount."

Young Izzy's face had grown more and more thoughtful during the old man's arithmetical progression.

"Ya, joost so," he said, at last. "Do you happen to [illegible] a daughter about ninety?"

NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Titanic disaster has put the name of Newfoundland into many mouths, but probably in nine cases out of ten it has been mispronounced.

We call it *Newfoundland*, with the accent on the "found," but to the natives it is *Newfoundland*, with the emphasis on the "New," while the "found" is so accentuated that phonetically the natives of Newfoundland pronounce it *Newfunland*.

Estab. 1867

£5 5s. 0d.

will be given as a Prize for the best Water-Colour Painting of a group of the new One & All Peonies.

"Hon. H. A. Stanhope.

£1 1s. 0d.

For the best Photograph.

Paintings and photographs should be sent to the One & All Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C., not before September 30th, 1912.

For full details of Competition see "The Agricultural Economist and Horticultural Review."

THE NOVELTY FOR 1912.

New "One & All" Annual Peony "Hon. H. A. Stanhope."

A strong [illegible] ONE SHILLING PER PACKET

Of all ONE & ALL SEEDSMEN

92, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Make your own Cigarette

It is twice as good

A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER

BEST and PUREST

LARGEST SALE IN GT. BRITAIN

A LAUGH AT THE LAW

SUNDAY COMEDY IN A LONELY COUNTRYSIDE.

Somebody—whoever it was hardly matters—served his generation well when he built the villages of Reeve and Upton a little over three miles apart. They are ancient villages, and must have had their origins ages before misguided people, with more zeal than common sense, began to concoct that Gilbertian code known as the Licensing Laws.

Good liquor, strong, wholesome, and pure, must have been freely consumed in these villages ever since they began, and nobody seemed a penny the worse. Indeed, if the present inhabitants are descended from the ancient race who had their hut circles and cave dwellings hereabouts, the strong drink they consumed over the log fires, after slogging their enemies and stealing their cattle, has put a very superior strain of physique and character into them.

For both Reeve and Upton are noted for their fine men and their excellence at all kinds of field and farm work. They are a law-abiding people, too, and one seldom hears of brawling, poaching, or other sad little affairs that might give their spiritual pastors and territorial masters reason to feel ashamed of them.

Now the only leisure that the male portion of the population of Reeve and Upton ever get is on Sundays. But alas! Sunday (when the working-man has this boon of a few hours' release from plough and fold) is the only day on which the wise, thoughful, kind, and altogether grandmotherly and contemptuous Legislature has made it difficult for the latter to "have his glass." Beer, "glorious beer," from which the aforesaid contemptuous Legislature does not object to draw an immense portion of its revenues, is, nevertheless, such a Satanic agency (so it seems) that on Sundays in our villages it must be put away in a dark cellar, where even the sight of a barrel bung cannot shock the delicate susceptibilities of the pious.

However, let us cut the cackle and come to the 'osses—in this case the burly folk of Reeve and Upton.

These men will have their Sunday glass—and they will have it when they want it, and not when the Legislature says they must have it.

They have hit upon a delightful plan, then, to keep within the law and yet to evade it, to laugh it to scorn, and to drink to the confusion of all who make such ridiculous restrictions on decent men's liberties.

Every Sunday morning—just when the breakfast bloater is beginning to bring on a terrific thirst, and when the "sweet church bells" are tinkling across the fields—the able folk of Reeve look across the undulating land and see the spire of Upton Church. Similarly the men of Upton, gathered, in their Sunday best, on the summit of a hill at the edge of the village, look towards Reeve over the intervening amid its little square embattled tower of its church.

Simultaneously the inhabitants seize each set of men to take a morning stroll, and by some strange attraction the men of Reeve are drawn irresistibly towards Upton and the men of Upton are similarly influenced with regard to Reeve.

I confess that I have often accompanied the Uptonians during there amongst them as I do—and I have found much food for thought and much light entertainment in my expeditions.

As a rule the two contingents meet in the fields about half-way, and then there is a halt and an exchange of village gossip lasting about a quarter of an hour. But there is no undue delay, for the three miles are not yet covered, and on they go again.

As every step brings each contingent towards its goal there is keen competition among the members of each party to be the first "Boney-fidey traveller," as they are pleased to call themselves.

When the village is reached each contingent smartens itself up and steps out manfully up the village street towards the little village inn where, armed with the knowledge of a three-and-a-half-miles walk, they can demand of the landlord to open unto them and bring forth good ale.

It is a sight worth seeing to watch these fellows "taking a rise" out of the law in this barefaced way, and they themselves enjoy it as keenly as any.

So regular is this pilgrimage that it has become a byword. If a Reeve man is wanted on Sunday morning, he can only be found at Upton. If an Upton man is sought—why he can be found at Reeve, and nowhere else.

And to see them sitting round the bar parlour enjoying a glass or two and a chat and smoke in comfort is a severe comment upon all so-called "temperance legislation." Two villages are, in fact, laughing at the law, and are enacting a weekly comedy much more deliciously humorous than any of them dreams of. "Boney-fidey travellers" they are indeed.

PRICE ON DESERTERS' HEADS.

In regard to Army deserters, to whom "Chinstrap" has been calling attention, the reward (offered through the police) for apprehending or causing to be apprehended a deserter or absentee without leave is usually £1.

This, however, may in special cases, as, for instance, when a regiment is going on active or foreign service, be increased up to £5.

The reward may be earned by any soldier or civilian, but will not be paid to a commissioned officer, though, of course, it is his duty to apprehend an offender.

Deserters often give themselves away by their ammunition boots, for although they may have money enough to get some ready-made civilian clothes boots are often beyond their purse.

Sensational Cycle Bargains.

We have reduced the prices of all 1912 Gold Medal "QUADRANT" Cycles so enormously that by buying your bike DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY, you will now effect a saving of POUNDS.

Any cycle you like to pick from our catalogue we will supply you at WHOLESALE TRADE PRICE, and bear in mind every "QUADRANT" Cycle is sumptuously finished and equipped throughout with the most magnificent fittings.

WE FIT DUNLOP TYRES, THREE-SPEED GEARS, COASTERS, BROOKS' SADDLES, &c., &c. Easy Terms from

5/- A MONTH.

We only charge £5. 12s. for our Popular Model, listed at £6. 15s., which dealers sell in shops at the full list price, and it is well worth it, too.

High-grade "Standard" Models *(List Price and Agents' Price, £9. 15s.)* OUR price, if supplied direct, is ONLY £6. 9s. 3d. cash, or 7s. 10d. deposit, and 18 monthly payments of 7s. 10d.

We grant 10 days' free trial, give a 10 years' guarantee, send the cycle on receipt of deposit only and refund your money at once if not thoroughly satisfied.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

The QUADRANT CYCLE CO., Ltd. (Dept. 26), COVENTRY.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.*)*

Markets are all firm, if we except Tin shares, which have had a good set back, but those who ought to know still think these shares will see much higher prices. The most promising section in the whole of the Stock Exchange at the moment is the Oil share market, and the general opinion is that we are in for a big oil boom.

Standard Oil of Mexico A shares now standing at about 4s. are likely to go ahead as fast as anything. The property is right on the oil belt, and the well which is being sunk has only about 200 feet further to go to reach plenty of oil. The Mexican Eagle Oil Company has agreed to take all the oil produced and have laid a pipe line to the well ready to receive the supply.

The Mexican Eagle shares at about £2 and the Constantine Oilfields at about 1¾ are also worth buying. The latter company has, I am informed, large oil wells in Algeria which are showing excellent results.

Home Railways show a general reaction, but it does not amount to much, and I don't think we have seen anything like top prices in this market yet. My old favourites, East Londons, have been going merrily ahead, and at the time of writing are about 12⅜.

The market in Margetts Tyre shares is very firm, and I look for a sharp rise in prices before the special settlement which ought to take place in about a month's time. Americans keep steady and Canadians are very firm with a strong upward tendency. I still advise a purchase of Canadian Pacifics for 300.

The National Telephone Deferred shares have shown a good rise on the account, and I am told the Government will have to pay on the valuation a sum which will entitle the Deferred Stockholders to over £200 per £100 stock.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

L. P. (Yeovil).—I think you might safely average.

K. R. (Hunstanton).—Take your profit on A and invest the proceeds in either D or F.

Leno (Bangor).—A very promising lock-up investment.

Scrutator (Bath).—"Tape" prices are not bargains, but only records of market fluctuations. Many changes of price occur which are not included in these quotations.

F. E. O. (Bromsgrove).—For a small deposit account I do not think you need have any anxiety, but if dealing with large sums I should prefer one of the larger and old-established institutions.

R. F. (Langley Park).—Way-Halims are quoted 4½d. to 7½d., and as far as I can ascertain the prospects are good. The fashionable market at the moment is for Oil shares, and you might perhaps obtain quicker returns by dealing in this class of security.

Mex (Dublin).—Mexican Eagle Oil shares are in my opinion a good purchase in any reaction.

P. D. (Kerry).—A fair holding, but I do not look for much advance in price immediately.

G. F. (Dover).—I do not advise you to join the reconstruction.

"Joss" (Leeds).—Hold for the present. I hear there is a chance of an increase in the next dividend.

R. P. E. (Redcar).—The proposed premium seems to me excessive, and I think you could obtain better terms through Lloyd's.

E. J. F. (Ilkeston).—(a) Very hopeful lock-up. (b) There is a heavy liability on the shares, which I think you ought to avoid under the circumstances.

W. D. R. (Fleetwood).—If you are charged commission for carrying over, the stock should be closed free.

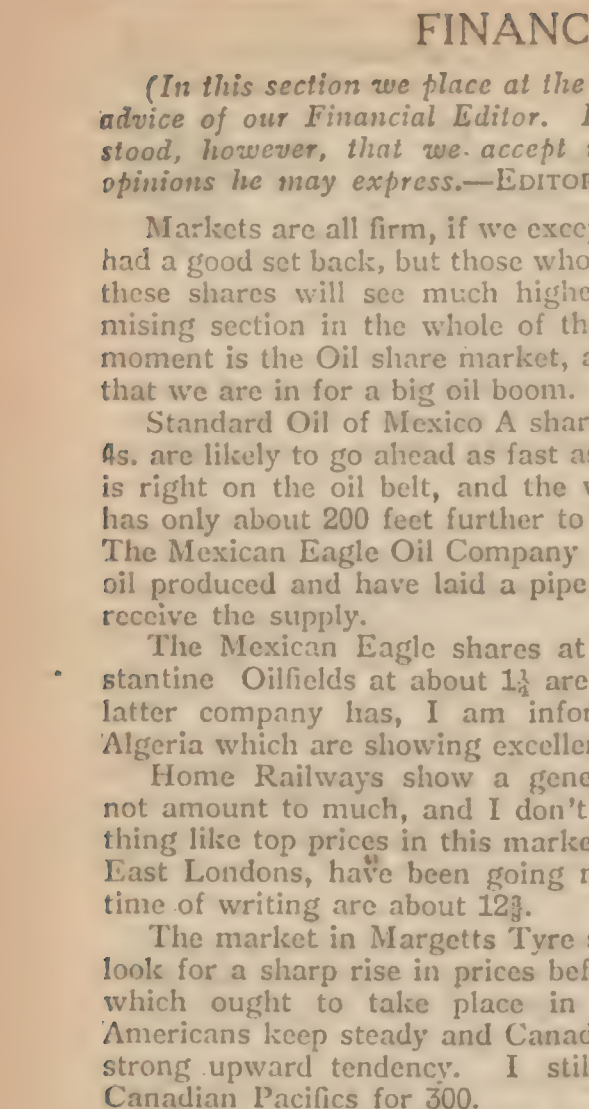
R. McT. (Selkirk).—I understand the company is doing very well, and the chance of an increased dividend is hopeful.

L. T. (Liverpool).—Bowness Estates are quite good as an investment, and likely to turn out very well.

N. R. (Wakefield).—You have a very good profit, and I advise your taking it, and coming in again on any substantial reaction.

A. S. B. (Leek).—The charges are quite in order. Registration costs as much for five shares as for 5,000 if on one deed.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.



There is Money for you in every page of the I.C.S. Spare Time Study Courses.

Turn your spare time into Gold. Every page you study of an I.C.S. course helps to earn more money.

Read what this Student says:

"At this station every one of the students [illegible] an I.C.S. Student at [illegible] at present in [illegible] Students' Aid Society [illegible] they did, and out of a competitive exam. of 12 applicants I have been appointed [illegible] of over 100 per cent. in salary.

F. SPIERS, Station [illegible]

5,521 I.C.S. Students reported [illegible] and increased pay last year. The average increase in salary was 56 per cent. That is for every £2 these students earned before they now earn £3 2s. 4½d. What these students have done **you** can do.

No interruption of your present work, no classes to attend, no extras, no delays. All books and free I.C.S. assistance to obtain better positions.

Learn what students in **your own** district are doing. Simply send the coupon. No obligation or charge.

"MORE MONEY" COUPON

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.

Dept. 264/X, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify to enter, or to obtain a larger salary in, the occupation or profession which I have marked X (or in the one stated here).....

___Mechanical Engineering	___Analytical Chemistry	___Business Training
___Electrical Engineering	___Gas Power and Oil Engines	___Window Dressing
___Mining Engineering		___Modern Languages
___Civil Engineering	___Textile Manufacturing	___Civil Service
___Motor ___Aviation	___Architecture	___University and Professional Exams.
___Steam Engineering	___Applied Art & Design	Over 150 Courses to Select from.
___Marine Engineering	___Advertising	

Name .....

Address .....

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE

(43RD EDITION.)

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Options. How to open an account with limited risk, to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.

44, BANK STREET, MANCHESTER.

A BRAIN MARKET.

Hapgoods' Organisation is a Brain Market, a Market for Brain Ability. If you have a Special Knowledge or aptitude which fits you to occupy a Responsible Position in any capacity—if you have brains which is above the Average, and you want to market it to the best advantage—write us to-day for details of our service—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd. 167-168, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE SPORTING TIMES

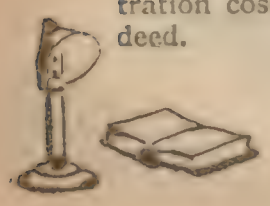
Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

SMARTER AND MORE AMUSING THAN EVER

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday,
At 97, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.



FOUR YOUNG MEN AROUND A TABLE PLAYING "SANDOWN."

By G. SAINSBURY.

In these days, when the only thing that keeps me from going to Monte Carlo is the small difficulty of getting a through Press pass, first-class steam and rail, it is chastening to reflect on the gambling days of Casual Villa, when Vinny Dempster, gentleman, Clive Traney, grocer's manager, Jim Grifford, temporarily retired golf professional, and I sat down to make our game.

Casual Villa was ever the most bachelor of bachelor diggings. I saw to it that we had more ink on the walls than any other establishment; Vinny Dempster was responsible for the cigarette burns on the mantelpiece; Clive Traney's agency could be traced in the infants' food and brass polish calendars with which our walls were hung; and, by reason of Jim Grifford's golf balls that lurked everywhere, it was easier to fall over in Casual Villa than anywhere else. Yet, despite these things, Providence kept a friendly eye on us, and gave us a good landlady, who, although she pretended to object to it, was rather flattered because we called her house Casual Villa and dubbed her Matron of it.

Kindly old soul! I see her face now in many shades—clearer than all, perhaps, the sadness that showed upon it when Jim Grifford and Vinny Dempster, amid the cups and saucers and plates of breakfast, began their diurnal game of cribbage for a Players' cigarette up the board.

"There they are," she would say to me. "At it again!"

"All day!" she would say.

She got only pretended sympathy from me, I recollect, as it makes me see how hard is the young heart.

"Never mind, Matron," I would say, soothingly, and, dashing another blotch of ink on to the carpet, I would resume with confidence on my contribution, in supposedly [illegible] verse, to some young person's album.

Then I would hear the Matron sigh and look towards the door closing us slackers to our sloth.

Then, from Jimmy Grifford, supposedly counting up [illegible] and heels, and so many for his boots, would come the remark, "Keep your pecker up, Matron—only another four hours before your model lodger comes home!"

Clive was always the model lodger. The biggest duffer that was ever dealt thirteen good cards in a hand of whist, he had always to be hounded into making up a game, and, naturally enough, he looked the whole time as if he thoroughly hated playing—which he did.

Clive, the Matron prophesied, would be a gentleman riding in his carriage when we were in Newgate.

And, alas! for the confidence misplaced by all good landladies, Clive was the very man who introduced us to the game of "Sandown"—that made Vinny Dempster forget he hated thinking about engineering, that dried up the praise of golf on Jim Grifford's lips, and knocked out of my head my dreaming and waking search for appropriate rhymes to "[illegible]," "girl" other than the eternal "whirl" and "[illegible]."

[illegible] flanked the thing down on the table one night when Matron had gone to bed.

[illegible] was an infringement of the patent rights of the game "Sandown" certainly, but it would have taken a clever [illegible] to prove it. It was, in fact, the air-tight lid of a [illegible] of golden syrup, and through it, some degrees away from the centre, there was a small cabinet knob with a [illegible], which in its turn dropped into a wooden socket bored in the foundation wood.

When you turned the disc it went like a top for quite [illegible] seconds; then it wobbled drunkenly and fell on its side.

The disc had various portions marked on it of different [illegible] of a circle, and inside each partition was written the name of a horse. Therefore when it had done wobbling at its début Clive told us that Esmeralda (a two to one chance, occupying about half the disc) had won.

We asked why had it won?

Clive said because its section of the circle was nearest the match which he had stuck into the foundation to mark the winning-post.

I said I could not see any match, and Clive, picking up the match from the table, said he expected the disc had knocked it out.

Our first rule for that game, therefore, was that if the disc knocked out the match the race was void.

If the knob flew out when the game had been made, the result counted so long as the tin did not turn upside down.

Anyone blowing the tin out of the socket fined three counters.

No one to turn the knob except the banker; if less than four revolutions no race.

No horses to be backed during the final wobble.

No one to draw faces or drop ink on the betting boards (the backs of the infants' food and brass polish calendars).

Delightful, simple, and exact, as the game is in its natural state, the lack of mathematical precision added to the excitement rather than otherwise, and it was not long before we had all been badly bitten, metaphorically, and badly chipped, literally, by the whirling disc that jumped out of its socket and planed up into your face when you least expected it.

Clive, always jealous of his anti-gambling reputation, refused to produce the wondrous game before the Matron had gone to bed, but we had a grand chance of a whole half-day at it when the Matron announced her intention of making a call on a friend in a twenty-mile distant town.

It fitted in with Clive's afternoon off, and we played all through tea time, starving on its account with utter unconcern.

Cigarettes were succeeded by counters at so much per dozen, and, as the pace grew hotter and the gambling instinct warmed, pennies replaced the counters, to be succeeded in turn by sixpences and even shillings.

Unheeded by us, the penny-in-the-slot gas jet went down, and as out of the utter gloom the clock struck ten and the Matron was expected back every minute, we prepared for our final feverish spin.

Clive was banker, and on the table were evidences of the milestones to Newgate that we would not have had seen by our respected Matron for all the gold in Egypt.

Clive was the one and only winner on the evening, and by his side were piles of copper and not a little silver, an aggregate of what was to us a great deal of money in those penurious days. There must have been ten and sixpence.

As the gas sank to its final flicker and we, gamester-like, were too mean or too broke to put the necessary penny in the slot, Clive twisted the knob, and amid its gruntling and crackling we made our game.

It was a furious spin that Clive had given the disc, and presently it gave an ominous, squeaking "chre-ak!" Then, out-diaboloing the diabolo spool, it whirred into the upper air, neatly smashing the gas globe and incandescent mantle, leaving us in darkness.

Above Jim Grifford's cry of "No bet, you beggars," rose the sound of the landlady's back door key turning in the lock.

Momentarily we sat there not daring to move. Then, a candle in her hand, our good Matron entered.

Long ere that Clive had seized the disc from the table, and the betting boards on which we made our investments were hidden under our waistcoats.

"There! I declare," said our Matron, "you gentlemen are playing cards and burning my gas to waste again! And even you, Mr. Traney," said she to Clive.

But Jim Grifford rose to the occasion.

"On the contrary, madam," he said. "The gas globe having just cracked, Mr. Traney has proposed that we should subscribe to a new one, and also to the cost of the gas we have burnt lately. There is the money by his side!"

And he pointed to Clive's winnings.

All because Clive dare not lose his virtuous reputation, our Matron was provided with a fine new globe and mantle. It was, as he stated, the one occasion on which he had won money at gambling, and even then he did not get it.

The next morning saw a crumpled-up golden syrup jar lid in the dust-box. The Casual Villa variety of "Sandown" was no more.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

A. B. (Rochester).—The "distance" in horse-racing is 240 yards from the winning-post.

"Racquet" (Cardiff).—If the server at lawn tennis miss the ball altogether it does not count and he has another serve, but if he touch the ball ever so slightly with his racquet it is a stroke.

M. C. D. (Chester).—The President of the Board of Trade (Mr. Sydney Buxton) was born in 1853 and is an ex-Cantab. He is quite well-meaning, but we imagine that what he doesn't know about the Mercantile Marine, for which he makes the regulations, would fill the British Museum to overflowing.

R. J. (Doncaster) wants a good recipe for rum punch (cold). The Jamaica planters' formula is as follows: "One of sour (lemon or lime), two of sweet (sugar), three of strong (rum), four of weak (water)"—parts understood.

"Ken" (Reading).—The colours of Mr. E. Hulton, owner of the Derby favourite, Lomond—favourite, that is, at the moment of writing—are: pale blue and maize hoops, maize sleeves; pale blue cap.

T. S. (Wolverhampton).—A cricket bat may be as thick and heavy as you like to have it made. The only restrictions on its size are that it must not be more than four inches and one-quarter in its widest part, nor more than thirty-eight inches in length.

P. J. B. (Stockwell).—A top royal flush—i.e., descending from the ace—at poker may be equalled, but cannot be beaten. If, as you suggest, a top royal flush in hearts took precedence of a similar sequence in other suits, then you would be betting on a certainty.

J. S. C. (Bolton).—It is altogether incorrect to have your visiting card printed in fancy lettering. Plain copper-plate is what you want.

"Old Timer" (Dover).—We don't know the present whereabouts of Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler." When we last saw him he was commissionaire at the Duke of York's Picture Theatre, Brixton Road, but we have lost track of him since. He is half Zulu, half Red Indian.

R. M. (Faversham).—You are mistaken in supposing that you will get extra heavy damages from a negligent "dentist" because he is a quack. It is just the other way about. You are entitled to expect competence from a qualified man, but not so in the case of a quack, and the legal view is that you employ him at your own risk, *unless* he misrepresents himself as qualified.

"Footlights" (Kentish Town) inquires what has become of Miss Phyllis Broughton, the former Gaiety favourite. We believe she is alive and well and living in retirement at Margate.

C. O'M. (Winchester), having read "Chinstrap's" article on Deserters, accuses him of wanting the children of the poor to go uneducated. Fudge! "Chinstrap" merely pointed out that under the present system of national education too much attention is paid to mere book-learning, too little to the development of manly strength and character.

W. G. S. (Liverpool).—Recruits for the Royal Marines must be between seventeen and twenty-three years of age, and be able to produce satisfactory records of character. For the Royal Marine Artillery, in which you wish to enter, the height varies from 5ft. 7in. to 5ft. 8½in.; chest, 34½in. to 36in., according to age. You are up to standard. A Marine is under the Naval Discipline Act when afloat, under military law when stationed in barracks.

D. C. (Swanage).—The chief qualifications for a press agent (in this country) are failure as a journalist—or anything else—unblushing effrontery, complete unscrupulousness, and a monumental capacity for drawing money for doing nothing.

"Bernard" (South Kensington).—The majority of "Medical Aid Societies," "Teeth Institutes," and the like are fraudulent in inception, fraudulent in design, fraudulent in execution, fraudulent in every way. A qualified dentist who is associated with an advertising dental company is liable to be struck off the register.

"Arthur" (Leamington).—The fact of a ball at lawn tennis hitting the post does not matter, provided it passes over and drops within the court.

C. K. M. (Nottingham).—Prick the blister with a needle threaded with white worsted. Soak foot in disinfectant, e.g., a few crystals of permanganate of potash dissolved in water, and paint over with a little collodion.

WRITING A SENSIBLE LETTER.

It may be remembered that a correspondent asked advice on two points: (1) How to talk well in company; (2) How to write a sensible letter.

Having dealt with the art of conversation in two articles, I now turn to the second problem.

By "sensible letter" I presume is meant one which will entertain and please the recipient, and really my suggestions for talking agreeably might equally be applied to letter-writing.

A "good" letter should be essentially chatty, natural, and to a great extent go-as-you-please. I don't mean that you should be rough, slangy, or profane in letter-writing any more than you should be in conversation, but there is no need to be as particular in your style as you would be were you writing a leading article for the *Times*. In fact, you should write as you talk.

As to the subject-matter of a letter, there are three topics, yourself, the other party, and people and things in general.

On the whole, a letter must be egotistical to a great extent. Your friend wants to hear your news, and you must try to give a bright account of what has been happening to you since you last heard of each other or met.

Do not, however, make your letter a sort of "Day by Day" affair—a diary of your daily round.

Pick out the events which you think are likely to interest your friend, and which lend themselves to bright treatment.

The fact, for instance, of your having run against a long-lost mutual pal should interest your friend, while you should be able to give an entertaining account of how the wanderer looked, what he said, and so on.

On the other hand, to tell your friend a lot about a man whom he has never heard of would not be at all likely to interest him.

Certainly, the body of your letter must be about you and your doings, but naturally, it must contain inquiries after your friend.

Beware, however, of making your letter a string of questions. There is no more irritating kind of epistle than that which tells nothing and asks everything.

A question or two on matters with which he is particularly well acquainted or in which he is likely to be interested will be quite enough, and will give him something to think about when replying.

And, of course, if your letter is a reply you should remember to answer any questions put to you, dealing with them first.

If it be desirable to avoid controversial topics in conversation, it is doubly so in letter-writing. Naturally, if you are in the habit of carrying on a debate by letter, that is a different affair, but in the case of an ordinary, general letter, it is wise to steer clear of politics, &c. You see, when writing a letter, you are in the position of a parson in his pulpit—you can say what you like without fear of contradiction at the time, and what a man might stand in personal argument he strongly objects to having thrust down his throat by letter. As I have said, don't write about people whom your friend doesn't know unless there is some particular interest attaching to them.

For example, if you meet some famous personage your friend would probably like to hear about him, or, again, if you meet a man who does something extraordinary, such as arriving at the club in his pyjamas, it is a news item worth sending.

In the same way, avoid writing about things unlikely to interest the other fellow.

This morning I have a letter from a friend who writes principally about his success in growing tomatoes. Tomatoes not being to my taste, don't interest me a little bit, but were I a tomato-fancier, then the account of my friend's experiments and experiences would make enthralling reading to me.

On the other hand, if your friend has hobbies or pursuits to which you are not addicted, don't forget to show a friendly if passing interest in them.

If your friend is fond of fiction, give him the name of a good novel you have come across lately, but *don't* tell him all about it. Nothing puts a man off a book so much as being told the plot beforehand, or being told that he is "sure to read it." Just say you have read the book and enjoyed it, and that he might care to make a note of it for his next list.

CYCLE · FITTINGS

POINTS TO REMEMBER WHEN RENEWING THEM.

How many men nowadays buy a bicycle outright, or even direct from a retailer? Probably by no means as great a proportion as one might think. There is a very large number of riders who cannot pay the seven, eight, or nine pounds required for a new machine, even in instalments. And they are too wise to buy a very cheap shoddy machine. What they do, then, is to buy a good second-hand machine, either direct, by advertisement, from its owner, or else through an agent employed by the latter. It is in this connection that we come to the subject of this article.

Whereas a new bicycle from a dealer is supplied with most of the necessary fittings and accessories required for its immediate use, the second-hand wheel will often lack a good many of these, and it will behove the purchaser to replace them. The chief necessities in this regard, which are always supplied with new machines, may fitly be taken first. These are tool-bag, tools, oil-can, and pump.

The tools we touched upon in a former article, so we need say no more about them here. But the following are useful hints to remember when buying a tool-bag.

FOUND WANTING.

It should be large enough readily to contain the necessary contents. That is where the "free gift" tool-bags are found wanting, being only large enough to hold the few spanners required for the cycle. Get one that will hold your repair outfit, an adjustable spanner, and a screw-driver.

Most men have black tool-bags—but you will be wise to get one made of some white material—patent leather is excellent. The gloss on this will reflect the lights of overtaking vehicles, motors for instance, and warn their drivers of your proximity.

With regard to oil-cans, fairly expensive and well finished ones are well worth their extra cost, for cheap ones often leak deplorably. A good tip, too, is to use those specially-made handles which will contain an oil-can in one and a repair outfit in the other. An oil-can carried in the tool-bag is more liable to leak by reason of the increased vibration, whereas in the handle it is comparatively steady, and, moreover, in the handle, the screw threads are above oil level.

THE RIGHT THING.

Now for the pump. It is by no means necessary to get a foot-pump, though these are undeniably useful for use at home when you are in a great hurry to get out. But, in the ordinary way, the thin celluloid pump, such as makers give with their machines, is all that is required when you are not pressed for time.

Beware, however, of the average pump-clip that is given away. Especially in lifting the bicycle, these are very liable to let the pump slip out; and many a cyclist has lost his pump as the result of a guard's carelessness during a railway journey. The best clips are those in which the pump can be fixed by means of screws.

A word, now, about renewing tyres. Those with what is called a beaded edge are an excellent invention. I am talking, of course, of the covers. These are made with stiffened edges, which, by reason of the air pressure, are firmly held in place under the rim—a device which greatly facilitates their attachment and removal.

A USEFUL ACCESSORY.

If you have occasion to renew your brake-shoes you will do well to obtain a kind which can be detached easily. This is done in some makes by the springy construction of the stirrup, which needs little more than finger pressure to release the shoes from a small pin that holds them. Others are differently constructed, but the easy removal of the shoes is eminently desirable so as to allow of the wheel being taken off, if required, for repairs.

Finally here is a useful accessory which is not nearly so widely known as it deserves to be. It is the thorn-catcher, and consists of light arches of metal fixed to the front and back forks, near the tyre. They brush off thorns, nails, etc., from the latter before they have time to do much damage.

WHY PAY a HIGH PRICE for YOUR CYCLE

when I supply the pick of Coventry's choicest cycles at pounds below maker's prices. I sell brand-new 1912 **HUMBER, SWIFT, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, PREMIER, QUADRANT, ROVER, REMINGTON, SINGER, PROGRESS, CENTAUR,** and other well-known Coventry cycles from 5s. monthly.

HIGH-GRADE COVENTRY CYCLES

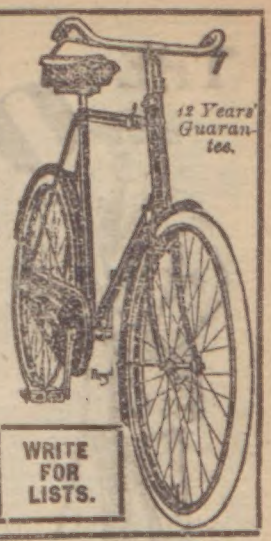
For £3 10s. Cash. (*Makers' Price £6 6s.*)

Only the Deposit need be paid before the cycle is dispatched on **10** days' approval. Your money will be refunded in full if you are not perfectly satisfied. Thousands of testimonials.

BEST QUALITY HIGHEST-GRADE CYCLES

(*Makers' Price £9 9s.*)

for only **10/-** Deposit and **13** monthly instalments of **7/11.**



12 Years' Guarantee.

5/- MONTHLY.

Edwd O'Brien, Ltd

The World's Largest Cycle Dealer

(Dept. 41), **COVENTRY.**

WRITE FOR LISTS.

CENTAUR CYCLES

(Famous since 1876)

THE Popular Model.

£6 : 15 : 0

Cash, or Monthly Payments **10/6.**

Best Value ever offered.

Many other models to select from in Catalogue full of interest to all. — Post free. —

THE CENTAUR CO., Ltd.

London Depot: **21, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.**

Works: **Stoke, Coventry.**

Our Fountain Pens.

THE MODERN MAN half-guinea Fountain Pen will be sent to any reader in the United Kingdom for 1s. and 12 Pen Coupons.

The nib is 14-carat solid gold, and ball-pointed. The ink is supplied by a twin-feed, with spiral attachment. The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased. It is packed in a special box, with glass-filler and full directions.

A pocket clip to fix the pen securely in the vest pocket is presented absolutely free.

On page 898 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Offices, 19-23, Tudor Street, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

RACING FASHIONS.

"A. C.," of Greenock, informs me that he has never seen the Derby, but has made up his mind to do so this year, and asks me how he should dress for the occasion? Time was when the man of fashion attending the Derby and other big race meetings did so *en grande tenue*—frock coat, silk hat, etc., but we have changed all that. The Royal Enclosure at Ascot is the only place where full dress is still obligatory on the racing man, and even here the "frocker" has been replaced by the morning coat.

If my friend is going into the reserved enclosure at Epsom he would not be absolutely wrong in wearing silk hat, etc., but there is no need for him to do so. He will be correctly dressed in a smart lounge suit with bowler, Homburg hat, or straw, and black or brown boots. A light overcoat may be worn if the weather be unpropitious, but he should not wear a "dressy" coat. Beyond his race-glasses there should be no hint of the Turf in his attire. I mean that to attend the Derby—any race-meeting, except perhaps some small one in the country to which you ride on horseback—wearing riding kit would be to expose yourself to the suspicion of being a stable-lad or one of those "lumberers" who pose as out-of-work jockeys. The genuine jockey out of his colours dresses like other men. You might meet Danny Maher and other famous horsemen dozens of times without ever suspecting from their dress that they were in any way connected with the Turf.

I hope my friend will enjoy his first Derby, and that he will not have to walk home.

I trust also that he saw my recent remarks on the "thief-proof pocket" for racing men.

YELLOW FLANNELS—

Another correspondent, "M. M. S." (Grantham), inquires why cricket flannels turn yellow, and asks whether anything can be done to prevent this. Change your laundry, is my answer. White flannels turn yellow through gross carelessness in washing, such as drying them before a fire or in a hot sun.

The unsightly yellow tinge will also appear through imperfect rinsing in *fresh* waters—two or three of them—after washing, leaving them lying about after rinsing instead of immediately hanging them up to dry, and the use of chemicals.

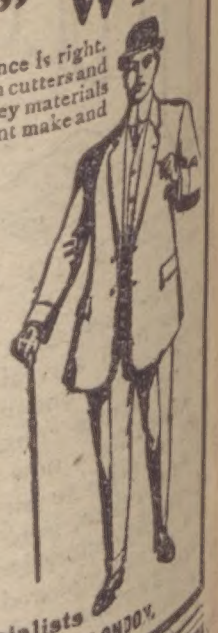
You are justified in demanding full compensation from the laundry that "yellows" your flannels, for the condition is due to nothing but inexcusable negligence, and is not to be tolerated for one moment.

AND YELLOW FINGERS.

Oddly enough another correspondent asks what can be done to remove cigarette stains from the fingers. Pumice stone will do it, but is only a temporary remedy. Indeed, through the outer skin being rubbed away the fingers are likely to become more deeply stained than before. The best plan is always to use a holder, and preferably one of those with a removable quill mouth-piece. Many ordinary cigarette-holders are decidedly porous and will not effectually prevent staining of the fingers. The quills, however, can be thrown away the moment they become discoloured, and they cost only about 2s. a hundred. Anyway, as a cigarette-smoker I used to be troubled with yellow fingers until I adopted the quill holder.

As a devotee of the cigarette I am certainly not prejudiced against it, but it does seem sometimes to blunt a man's self-respect. It is extraordinary and saddening how many cigarette-smokers you see going about unashamed, or at least apparently so, with hideously stained fingers. I am

DRESS IN THE "McKINLEY" WAY



and you can always be confident that your appearance is right. The McKinley garments are made by expert London cutters and tailors in the best Bond Street styles. The McKinley materials are all genuine Scotch and English cloths of excellent make and quality. Yet the McKinley prices are far below those charged by other firms. Send for our Booklet "MN" and learn how the "McKinley" system will enable you to dress better yet save half your tailoring bill.

SUITS (to measure), **30s.** to **50s.**
RAINPROOF OVERCOATS (to measure), **25s.** to **45s.**

No extras. Best Workmanship. Fit and Style Guaranteed.

We undertake to refund your money in full if we fail to fit you perfectly and give you complete satisfaction.

Together with our Booklet, we shall send you, free and post paid, our magnificent range of Spring Patterns, Fashion Plates, tape measure, copies of unsolicited testimonials, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which enables you to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Write or call—

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists
(Tailoring Dept.), 7, GRESHAM STREET (Opposite G.P.O.), LONDON.

3/6 buys a NEW LIFE for that OLD SUIT or OVERCOAT.

Pack up that wrinkled suit or overcoat, and send it to us with a Postal Order for 3/6. In a few days it will be returned to you CLEANED, REPAIRED and TAILOR-PRESSED—looking almost new. Our new Tailor-Process brings the clothes back to their original shape, it removes the signs of wear and cleans the material. It is superior to dry-cleaning process. Carriage paid one way. Repairs and Alterations of every description.

The National Tailoring and Repairing Co.
144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.

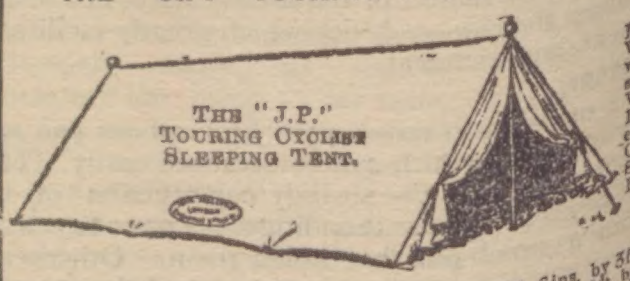
JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.
117-118, CHEAPSIDE,
AND
MILK STREET,
LONDON,
E.C.

Send for Tent List.

Send for Garden List.

Special Display of Tents now on view in our Main Building, 1, 2, 3, Milk Street, E.C.

THE "J.P." TOURING CYCLIST SLEEPING TENT.



Made from specially Wing Twill Cloth, with ground Sheet sewn in, thoroughly Waterproof, Poles of Bamboo Pegs, Guys, etc., included. Lined with Khaki Cloth Valance. Straps to fasten down Framework at Ground.

No. 1.—For one person; weight about 4lbs.; size 6ft. 6ins. by 3ft. by 3ft. high, 15/-
No. 2.—For two persons; weight about 4½lbs. size 6ft. 6ins. by 4ft. by 3ft. 6ins. high, 20/-
No. 3.—Weight about 5lbs.; size 7ft. 6ins. by 4ft. by 4ft. 4ins. high, 24/-

ALL GOODS DELIVERED FREE WITHIN "CARTERS'" RADIUS.

When answering Advertisements, please mention "The Modern Man."

told that in America a business man engaging a new employé looks first at the applicant's fingers, and if they are tobacco-stained it is "Git!"

The employer may be a cigarette smoker himself, but he argues that a man who will not take the trouble to keep his hands presentable is unlikely to be smart and energetic in other things.

The fingers of smokers with warm, moist hands stain very readily, and for them the quill holder is the best preventive.

THE RETURNED EXILE.

Recently I have been helping a returned wanderer in foreign parts to get himself "decently dressed" as he put it.

Anyone who has been through it knows the sartorial shyness one feels on arriving in London after some years abroad. You are terribly conscious of your clothes, which, though they were all right in the Colonies, now seem to make you a guy. Probably this feeling is overdone. I remember through my baggage going astray I arrived home with only the suit I stood up in—a somewhat pronounced check—it was in my younger days—and for the next three days I am sure I was the most miserable man in London.

I spent most of my time lurking in my Jermyn Street rooms, scarcely venturing to show my nose inside the club, and when I went to my tailor's it was in a closed cab. But I don't suppose anyone gave a second thought to my checks, even though lounge suits were not nearly so common in St. James's as they are now.

And being young and foolish, I insisted on my tailor making me a frock coat suit in three days. The result was unsatisfactory, and no wonder, for a really good suit is not to be built in a day, any more than Rome was. If I found myself in the same predicament again I should do as my friend did on my advice, that is, go to one of the big ready-made establishments and get a blue serge suit. Even ready-made this generally looks all right, and nowadays you can go practically anywhere in it. Even if you do not care to wear your "slops" regularly they will probably come in useful for wear on board ship, or on other occasions when the cut of your clothes is not of great moment.

My exile was very pleased with the new greys for lounge suits, but with me he lamented the passing of the frock coat, and reluctantly ordered a two-button morning coat. Such surviving ulsters as we saw made him almost spit blood, and his general impression was that the modern Londoner has become decidedly slovenly in his dress, in which I am inclined to agree with him.

His opinion of some of the tight-skirted ladies was, that if they dressed like that in Saskatchewan a Fathers' and Brothers' Meeting would quickly be held over them. My friend is a pretty hard nut, but the traffic rattled him badly. It took him ten minutes to cross the Strand to the Savoy, and he simply fell down the stairs to the American bar, where he called for strange drinks and used strange oaths concerning these honking, coughing, whistling, tooting, chimes-ringing motor-gadflies of the streets.

SEEN ON THE LINKS.

Golfing recently at the seaside I saw a lady golfer whose appearance pained me. She wore a blouse, the sleeves of which were so short that the arms were left bare almost from the elbow. And such arms! Big, coarse, beefy; or rather, what between having previously been reddened by the sun, and now being chilled by a rather sharp wind, they were the colour of underdone mutton. I sincerely hope that even ladies with presentable arms will not take to exposing them when playing golf.

WOMEN AND MEN GOLFERS.

It is a curious fact that the average woman golfer is badly dressed compared with the average male player.

Oh, I know there are men who think any odd kind of old rags good enough for golf. There are also a few who play jacketless, while last summer the committee of my club had to pull up a visitor—an actor—who wanted to play in his undervest (trousers understood). But the average male golfer is neatly and quietly dressed, whereas the average feminine player is usually either over-dressed or under-dressed. When she is neither she is often hideously attired. At least this is my experience. What is yours?

PURE WOOL SUITS TO MEASURE From 23/6

Even our lowest price Suit has been valued by customers the world over at £3 - 3s.

It is well-known that London is the centre of Fashion for men's clothes, so why not come to us for your Tailoring needs? If you live at a distance you need not actually make the journey—we will send the clothes to you, as we are now doing to men all over the world. We always give satisfaction, because "CURZON" suits are made by experts; because the fit is guaranteed; and because these suits are of a style and cut that stamp their wearers as "well-dressed."

ONE SILVER AND FOUR GOLD MEDAL AWARDS.

Send Postcard for FREE PATTERNS consisting of Tweeds, Serges, Flannels, Worsteds, &c. Together with patterns, we send you fashion plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned in Full.

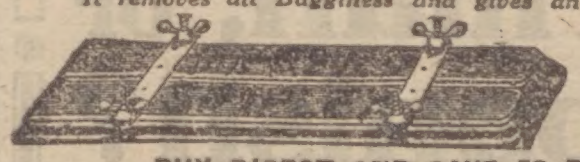
CURZON BROS., *The World's Measure Tailors*

(Dept. 142) **60/62, City Road, London, E.C.**

West-End Depot: 133 and 135, Oxford Street, W. (First Floor Showrooms, above the "London Louvre.")

IT WILL KEEP YOUR BEST TROUSERS AS SMART AS THE COAT.

It removes all Bagginess and gives an elegant Crease.



Carriage Paid

5/9

United Kingdom.

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE 50 PER CENT.

The handsome and powerful **SIMPLEX TROUSER PRESSER AND STRETCHER** has polished **Oak board**, of ⅜ **unbreakable plyed wood**, 1½ steel crossbars, and **nickle plated fittings**, it is full length, will take 4 pairs, and is **Guaranteed 5 Years.** Sent on **7 days' approval.** Cash returned per return if unsatisfied. We also make an extra wide press for extra stout or tall men, 18 inches wide, 31 inches long. 10/6 carriage paid. We have received over 1,000 testimonials. Write for illustrated list, free.

The "Simplex" Manufacturing Co. (H. CLIPSON, Manager.),

53, Eccles Road, Clapham Junction, S.W.

Our Easy Payment System allows you to dress well out of your income.

Have a good Suit made to measure by MASTERS, LTD., Rye, and pay for it **5/-** monthly by post privately. With every suit is our guarantee that it will keep its shape until the last day's wear—that is the speciality in MASTERS' SUIT. Perfect cut, style and fit—we guarantee absolute satisfaction. Our quality at **34/6** is wonderful value. If you want a new suit send for our patterns, simple home measurement form and fashion plate, all **free.** Why not dress in the smartest style? We offer you the opportunity. Write for NEW patterns TO-DAY.

MASTERS' NEW BROGUE BOOT

Tan or Black **18/6**

2/6 Monthly.

New 1912 Model, **16/6** cash, **18/6** easy terms. Send **2/6** with size, pay **2/6** on delivery, and **2/6** monthly. Boot List Post Free.

J. N. MASTERS, Ltd.,

85, Hope Stores, Rye.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

French, German, or Spanish by Post for a Penny a Day

For more than 30 years Mr. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

French, German, or Spanish?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1912 Self-Tuition Course By Post.

2s. 6d. *MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR*

Is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) you at present get:

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A Set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15/-; of the German or Spanish, 10/-. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, &c., &c., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD, NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENGH, GERMAN, or SPANISH in simple language from the very first lesson.

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning THE MODERN MAN when inquiring.

LESSONS IN FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN, &c.

SPECIAL DAY CLASSES	..	6s. 6d. Monthly.
EVENING CLASSES	.. ..	4s. 0d. ,,
PRIVATE LESSONS	..	from 3s. 0d. per Hour.

Books Included. *Native Teachers.*
Coaching for Naval and Military Examinations.

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE

(Established 1875).

33, GRACECHURCH ST., E.C.; 64-68, OXFORD ST., W.; 205, EARL'S COURT ROAD, S.W.

Address for Self-Tuition inquiries:

33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Most Amazing Offer Made!

Every Reader of "Modern Man" may at once secure a pair of Sandow's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells Free for Seven Days' Trial.

NO MONEY TO PAY. SIMPLY SEND THE COUPON

For a whole week, without any cost to yourself, without the need of parting with a penny, you may enjoy the strength and health-giving value of Mr. Sandow's Wonderful Invention, the Sandow Spring-Grip Dumb-Bell, which helps you to gain not only greater strength, but more-finely-developed physical proportions. Their use entails no violent exertion, they may be adapted for use by women and children as well as the sturdiest man.

It is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed to at once receive a pair of the famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for **seven days' free home trial.** There is nothing to pay. Simply send the coupon, and the Dumb-Bells are at once posted, carriage paid, to your door.

With each pair of Dumb-Bells is sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells, and are obtainable alone with this health and strength-giving invention.

You need not keep the Dumb-Bells after seven days unless you wish, but if, after using these Dumb-Bells **for Seven Days Free,** you decide to keep them, send us deposit of 2s. 6d., and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2s. 6d. per month, which only means the small sum of ONE PENNY PER DAY.

The few minutes' exercise daily with the splendid apparatus will give you health, strength, and stamina. They will give to woman fuller grace of figure, encouraging beauty of form; to men greater dignity and distinction, and to both a splendid feeling of well-being and virility. Exercise with the Dumb-Bells, which should be a regular process by every member of the family for at least five minutes per day, quickly develops the muscles of the arms, deepens and strengthens the chest; whilst exercises are also included for developing the leg muscles and improving the general physique so that you may keep strong, healthy, and happy.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells at once, and their use daily will prove a real delight. Send the coupon and you will receive a pair of the Dumb-Bells by return of post. It is only necessary to send *now*.

Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair* of your 6d. Free Trial
Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at .. 12s. 6d.
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.
Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at .. .. .. 10s. 6d.
Suitable for age 14 to 18.
Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at .. .. .. 10s. 6d.
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

Age.....

FREE TRIAL. *Signed* .....

Address .....

.....

*Please Cross out Sizes not required.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription, 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. *Sole Agents for Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, Australia, Canada, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Ltd.